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Alice Hughes.

LADY MARY FOX-STRANGWAYS.

104, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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Pigs and Farmers

IN the *Times* of Monday last the well known agricultural correspondent of that journal bewails the condition of the pig industry. There has been something in the nature of a slump in pigs, and it is alleged that the farmer now finds it difficult to dispose of them. Our contemporary's remedial suggestion is that there is reason for believing that if the business of pig breeding, curing and marketing were efficiently organised, so that a surplus in one locality could be transported inexpensively to districts where enterprise was restricted for want of adequate consignments, less would be heard of the discouraging fluctuations in pig prices. That is said with characteristic good sense, but it is only an ameliorative suggestion. Something more will have to be done if our own home farmers are to have the business of supplying the home market with pig products. Organisation is at all times necessary. The bacon factory is a most excellent institution; but, if the organisation were absolutely perfect and the bacon factory worked with the best skill in the world these factors would not be in themselves sufficient to enable our farmers to compete with the imported bacon, ham and eggs from Denmark. We mention eggs, which, though not pig products, are more easily produced where fattening pigs is an industry. Nor is it of any use to say that

the best market in England is that for porkers, and you cannot expect the farmer to forgo it for the sake of making bacon, which involves the longer process of curing and does not yield the same profit as is to be gained from pork which is sold for ready money without delay. Means must be found for a more thoroughgoing improvement than is discernible in these suggestions. "Keep more stock" is likely to be the rallying-cry as soon as the facts are realised. It seems madness to say so when there is a difficulty in disposing of what we have, but those who understand the subject know that this is only apparent; it is not real. When we say "Keep more stock," we do not mean only more pigs, but far more cows. The dairy herd is really the key to cheap production.

Again, the old-fashioned objector raises the cry of dear foodstuffs and that it is difficult enough to sell all the milk produced. He will not look the fact in the face that the price of this milk is the chief obstacle in the way of its freer dissemination. To begin at the root of the matter, the arable land must be increased for the purpose of providing food for the dairy herd. It is a much cheaper process than that of confining the food practically to grass in summer and in winter using expensive foodstuffs. If the plough is commandeered for the service of the dairy herd and plenty of roots and greenstuff provided, the cost incurred for imported food will soon diminish.

Next, the old-fashioned farmer objects that there will be an over-production and not a sufficient sale for milk, but then he argues on the assumption that selling raw milk is the only way of disposing of it. He does not open his eyes to the fact that Great Britain pays immense sums to distant parts of the world for butter and cheese that could as easily be made at home, and would be made at home if arable farming for dairy purposes were brought into vogue. The milk could not all be sold—it is not desirable that it should be—and the quantity not needed for consumption as milk should be turned into butter and cheese. During the war our dairies made very great progress in the manufacture of both of these articles of food, and cheeses are made in England to-day quite as good as those on the Continent whose names they often carry.

We now come to the fact that no food is more nutritive or cheaper than milk offals for the pig, so that we are beginning to solve both the problems of making the dairy herd profitable and of producing cheaper ham and bacon. That is how the Danes manage at the present moment, and, soon or late, we shall have to take a lesson from them. We think it will be soon, because nobody can help becoming awake to the very great absurdity of maintaining unemployed men and women by the million and yet paying two or three foreign countries for making our butter and cheese. In private life anyone who acted on such a principle would be considered going to ruin. Supposing that he had facilities for keeping a herd, and supposing that he had idle hands enough to look after them, and yet preferred to let his people remain idle while he bought the goods that other countries had made, would it not be evident that he was going to perdition, so far as temporal affairs were concerned? It is the same with regard to the State; only, the individual has eyes that are no eyes. They do not take account of anything beyond the range of one who is short-sighted—we might almost say blind. But this is no time for a mere hand-to-mouth policy. The continued existence of the Empire demands that a longer view be taken, and taken at once.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, whose engagement to Captain J. A. Herbert, Royal Horse Guards, son of the late Sir Arthur Herbert, G.C.V.O., and Lady Herbert, has recently been announced, is given as this week's frontispiece. Lady Mary is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

AS a nation of sportsmen, we cannot help being proud of our fearless Prince who takes a toss in the hunting field as lightly as a good cricketer takes a knock with the ball, one who laughs when he gets his collar bone broken and is again in the saddle before it is quite mended. It proves him to be of the same blood as that Prince of Wales who undertook many a needless risk in the company of Poins and Jack Falstaff, and, nevertheless, was able to win a splendid victory at Agincourt. He equalled his contemporary Harry Hotspur in deeds of valour, and both have been enshrined ever since in the hearts of their countrymen. Yet some of the more timid among us cannot help remembering that the pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last, and it is a pity that one who, in the usual course of nature, would sit on his father's throne should endanger his life in point-to-point races. They do not wish to keep him from participating in the noble sport of hunting or that he should avoid that reasonable amount of risk which accompanies the pursuit of every manly outdoor pastime, but every new accident on a racecourse arouses some apprehension in their minds. The Prince of Wales is an asset to the country of illimitable value, and, though they would not, without ruth, restrain his pleasure in any way, there are few who would not rejoice in their hearts if he would consent, for the benefit of the country, to take fewer needless risks than he does. Life carries with it the danger of so many vicissitudes that it seems, to say the least, unwise to multiply peril.

THE Report of the Bird Sanctuaries Committee will be read with keener interest on account of the movement now started to obtain funds for laying out in Hyde Park a bird sanctuary to the memory of W. H. Hudson. As the appeal is signed by Lord Grey of Fallodon, Lord Buxton and Mr. Cunninghame Graham, it can scarcely fail to meet with a hearty response. Two things are in its favour: the first is, a general desire to express gratitude for the splendid work done by W. H. Hudson for the cause of birds; and the second, the new life that has been imported into the movement for establishing bird sanctuaries. They are everybody's property, from which the proceedings of our little feathered friends can be watched at close quarters by those who have nothing but kindness and goodwill for the light-hearted people of our groves and dells. As is necessary, the Report deals largely with the hard facts or bare bones of the case. It tells of one ardent enthusiast who has sent £50 to be expended on improving the sanctuaries, and how the Committee have laid it out to a large extent on providing nesting boxes for creatures such as the tits, wrens, nut-hatches, flycatchers, and others that prefer a house in a cosy nook to one on a swinging spray. The £12 left over after these purchases have been made is being directed to an improvement which we are sure the little songsters will

appreciate, namely, the purchase of various shrubs, some producing berries, that will furnish a natural bird table in winter, and others providing the cover under which birds like to transact their private affairs, such as courting, nest-building and the like.

A LIST is published of the new water birds that have been acquired for St. James's Park, so that cormorants, many kinds of teal and ducks, wigeon, and so on, may have their home life brought within observation. A little essay in natural history is printed over the name of Mr. Rudge Harding, who tells us what he saw of bird life in various London parks during 1923. Incidentally, he points out the pleasures that Londoners will have in increasing measure during the coming years. He has watched the willow-warblers build in a sanctuary, and listened to the whitethroats piping. He tells of the wild duck flirting with the gadwall. These transactions were witnessed in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. In Richmond Park he was entertained by the stonechats near Spanker's Hill Plantation. He calculates that there are about forty coots on the smaller pen pond; he saw a wigeon drake on the larger pond, a bird that dallied for several weeks with a wild duck. A long-tailed tit built close to the public footpath in Sidmouth Plantation, and young herons were in their nest in the high trees as late as May 26th. Among other notable visitors to the parks were two pheasants which nested in Greenwich Park; the great crested grebes which nested by the pen ponds in Richmond Park; the jays, hooded crows and little owls that were seen in Greenwich Park. So goes the chronicle, the like of which every visitor to the parks may compose from his own watching.

LENT.

They've gone, the godly folk in mournful black,
To listen to an old man, half-alive,
Lamenting dismally their evil ways,
And charging them to fast and to repent.
Repent? Not I! At least not in the spring!
God gives us spring for mirth. He's living now,
Rejoicing in the splendour and the pride
Of this March morning, and He bids me live
And sing and watch His fairy *débutante*
Young Daffodil in her yellow dancing-frock
Triumphant, and His gentle Violet
Half fearing that her lover will not come,
Yet knowing in her heart that sure he will.

C. G. F. M.

SIR LEONARD ROGERS delivered a message of confident hope to the leper in his lecture at Manchester on the 13th instant. Leprosy is one of the oldest curses of the human race, and until now there has been no successful method of dealing with it other than that of segregation. He who took it believed, not without good reason, that his doom had been written. In some old villages and towns there still stands, separated from the rest of the houses, an ancient building which was called the "leper house" and cut off from all other habitations. In modern times distant islands were utilised for the same purpose. Nothing could more fully have expressed the hopelessness of the disease. During the last quarter of a century much scientific research has been directed to its cure. The key was found in an old Indian nostrum in the shape of chaulmoogra oil. It occurred to an American expert to extract from this oil certain salts, which could then be prepared as an injection. The results were so hopeful as to lead to the improvement of the injection by preparing salts from oils to mix with those that came from the original one. This was all previous to 1913, when Sir Leonard Rogers, already well known as an authority on leprosy and kindred diseases, took the matter up and carried it still further. We need not go into details here. The result is as happy as it is important. Leprosy need no more be regarded as an incurable disease. On the contrary, Sir Leonard assures us that in the course of thirty years it could be eliminated from the British Empire, and, presumably, it could be fought in every part of the world.

Considering that at the present time there are between two and three million lepers in the world, of whom seven thousand are Europeans, this is, indeed, a message of good hope. The old system of segregation had the fatal defect of causing those afflicted to hide rather than come forward, whereas those who suffer from it in its early stages have now every inducement to see their doctor.

THE late Mr. Maurice Hewlett's discovery of himself as an essayist after he had finished his career in fiction will ever be chronicled among the marvels in literary history. Each of his efforts in this new direction was welcomed as it appeared in journal or magazine, and now, when a book of his last essays is published by Heinemann, the public will recognise that it was no false start, but a discovery by Hewlett that he had found a new vocation. There will be much regret that he did not live to complete the projected book, of which certain of his studies in English and French literature were intended to form part. In regard to French, especially, he had that gift of happy quotation essential to the essayist. According to a note, the book was edited by the author's executors, and they are rather proud of letting the essays appear in their original form. Perhaps, in a new edition, however, they will at least verify the quotations. In the last essay, "The Linger-ing of the Light," there is a misquotation of the Dirge in "Cymbeline." Correctly printed, the lines would be no bad epitaph for Maurice Hewlett, himself a poet:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages.

LAST Saturday's weather at Twickenham was perfect—almost too perfect from the players' point of view—and a huge crowd, which could have been much bigger still, had there been room, saw England beat Scotland by nineteen points to nothing. The most enthusiastic admirer of the English fifteen never dreamed of so decisive a victory, and it hardly represented the run of the game. Things went well for England, which is, perhaps, only another way of saying that they took their chances; certainly, the Scots did not take theirs, and there were several moments when a score for them seemed almost inevitable. However, there is no doubt that the right side won, and so, for the second successive year, England have gone through the season unbeaten—a fine record. Not only the players, but those who chose them deserve to be congratulated. They chose a good side, to begin with, and in all the four matches there have been but two changes and those due to accident or illness and not to changings of mind. In particular, the Selection Committee must have been pleased with the fine play of Chantrell at full back. They were criticised for choosing him and he was criticised for his play in the early matches, but he has gone on steadily improving, and on Saturday played magnificently. Catcheside once again finished off the scoring with a melodramatic run, and if he possesses some demerits, he has a much more than compensating virtue, an unflinching knack of getting tries.

THIS country is at present trembling under an appalling threat. Mlle Lenglen says that she refuses to come and play lawn tennis at Wimbledon. She appears to say it nearly every day; when she does not say it her father does, and the telegraph wires are kept busily humming. Sometimes the reason given is that an unnamed English umpire in the South of France gave decisions that she did not approve, and sometimes it is that she does not want to play on grass, since it may spoil her play on hard courts in the Olympic Games. If this last is the authentic reason it seems a pity that she did not give it first, since it is the best of a very poor lot. However, let us suppose for the moment that Mlle Lenglen is, in fact, not coming to Wimbledon. The man in the street, when he has recovered from the first shock, may begin to wonder whether it really matters so very much. "I ken that I believe that," he may say with old Alexander Loudoun, in *The Wrecker*, "and the curiis thing is I'm no verra carin'." The world will probably not come to an end even if the best lawn tennis player in it elects, in the language of our nursery days, to "get in a pet."

ACCURATE replicas of the gardens of other ages are curiously uncommon in this age, so addicted to replicas and fond of gardens. So, the laying out of a knot-garden beneath the windows of Wolsey's rooms at Hampton Court, after the manner of the Shakespeare garden at Stratford, is an all the more happy undertaking on the part of the Office of Works. Knot-gardens, so called from the patterns of knots of ribbons, formed by their bands or edges of lavender, thyme, sage, thrift and other close-growing herbs, were very common all through the sixteenth century, and are described in detail, with engravings of suitable patterns, in several herbals, which have been adopted bodily for this lay-out: one of Didymus Mountaine's designs from the "Gardener's Labyrinth" of 1577, two from Gervase Markham's "Country Housewife's Garden" (1617), and one from William Lawson's "New Orchard and Garden" of 1618. Among the knots will be planted the appropriate flowers, less brilliant, perhaps, than some of their Asiatic and American supplinters, but sweet and gay, and with names grateful to the ear. The Hampton Court garden will be on the same spot as Cavendish records the great Cardinal had a garden with "knotts so enknotted it cannot be expressed."

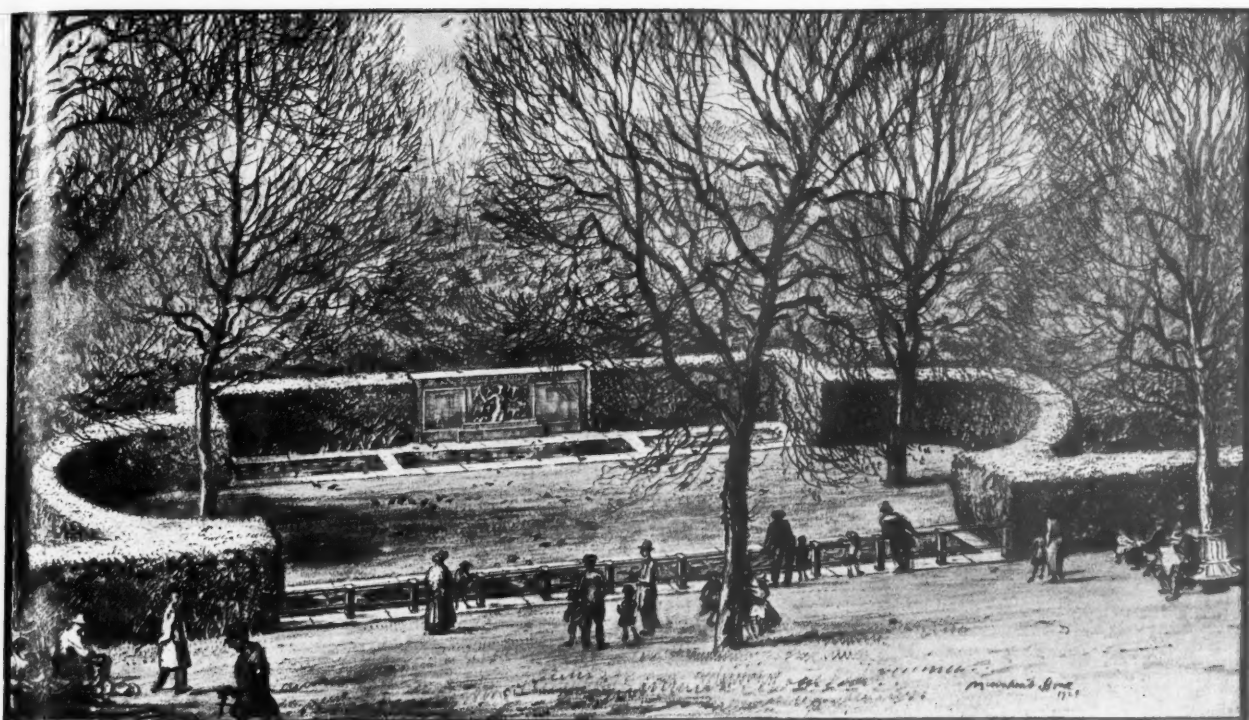
ONE hears that Handel is coming out of his obscurity in Germany, like Barbarossa from his Anatolian cavern. His opera, "Julius Cæsar," has been followed by "Rodelinde," and the former is now a repertory piece. In England his instrumental works appear with increasing frequency in concert programmes, so that at last it is possible to admire that tremendous composer without ignominy. He has always been a favourite with the great-hearted public, who flock to "The Messiah" as to no other musical composition of any kind. His stubborn honesty, his blunt exterior, his mighty spirit that hated falsity of any kind—these inevitably appeal to the practical English mind which derives, as he did, its ideas from facts, not facts from ideas, as the Latin races. His colossal choruses and stately, melodious measures appeal with immense force to the most intellectual minds. Samuel Butler adored him; Lord Balfour has written a superb essay on him; while simple folk, agitated by distracted moderns, can always return to George Frederick with comfort, for his big periwig and larger heart are full of kindness.

A RHYME.

A joy soft-feathered,
Light of wing,
Perched on my window-pane.
To-day;
I knew a lovelier
Joy last Spring,
So drove this stranger Joy
Away.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THE British Empire Exhibition has fired the imaginations of our Dominions. Yet it is also, inevitably, in a not uncritical spirit that they come. Colonials look to England as the source and centre of their civilisation; but, more than all the official demonstrations and inspired "boost," it is the attitude of the individual Englishman to them that they really remember. It needs a Great War to inspire this unimaginative island into something like cordiality to our expectant visitors. Usually Colonials are gravely disappointed by the churlishness or patronising air that they encounter over here. Unless our visitors are to go home disillusioned, every English man and woman, especially the more well to do, must resolve to be a little more imaginative, a little more accessible to Colonials. A little trouble and a few words for an enquirer of the way in the street, such as we receive abroad, does more to knit the Commonwealth together than fifty exhibitions. Many of the Prince of Wales's tours have set a high standard of welcome for us to follow. This summer might see owners of fine houses admitting explorers from overseas to a glimpse of that mystery—English country life. They would be forging links of Empire stronger than any exhibition could contrive.



THE W. H. HUDSON BIRD SANCTUARY · HYDE PARK

THE W. H. HUDSON MEMORIAL

AN APPEAL FROM LORD GREY OF FALLODON, LORD BUXTON AND MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

"He did for the English country that he studied, what a great painter can do for a view of natural scenery; he brought out points that might otherwise have escaped attention, he made the beauty and interest of it arrest and hold the attention, he made people feel what he himself had felt when watching and contemplating."—GREY OF F. (From Lord Grey's Appreciation of W. H. Hudson prefixed to the Memorial Edition of his Collected Works published by Dent and Sons.)

To the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE.

SIR,—Some months ago you were good enough to publish an appeal for funds for the erection of a permanent memorial to W. H. Hudson, the writer and field-naturalist. Since then the most suitable enclosure in Hyde Park has been set aside as a sanctuary for birds, and H.M. Office of Works have adopted a design by Mr. Epstein and Mr. Pearson for a birds' pool to be placed at the entrance to this sanctuary, with a sculptured panel on a stone screen as a decorative background. The panel will be carved in relief with the figure of Rima in the midst of a flight of birds. Rima, it will be remembered, is the genius of the forest in Hudson's "Green Mansions" and, like him, belongs half to nature and half to the human world. The intention of the sculptured relief is to form an integral part of the sanctuary itself, with a birds' lawn in the foreground and a framework of yew hedges. The sculptor proposes to carve the relief with his own hands from a block of Portland stone which will be inscribed with the following words:

This Sanctuary for birds is dedicated to W. H. Hudson, writer and field-naturalist.

The total cost of the whole conception will be a matter of £2,000. Our Committee have come to the conclusion that the plan actually adopted will embody the sanctuary idea most fittingly by making Hudson's life work on behalf of bird protection familiar to the heart of London in a form which, by its own beauty and power, will remind thousands of passers-by who stop to see it that Hudson was as gifted by nature as he was a lover of nature's creation. He had no egotism, no pride in knowledge or success or attainment, no desire for fame or wealth; his interest was not prompted or quickened in anything by a thought of how it might affect himself. The gift of pure observation, already noted, the power of being moved to think and feel, without any desire to interfere, was one important factor. But perhaps the rarest quality of all was his complete freedom of spirit and outlook. He belonged to no class and to no one country; in a sense, he was of all classes and all countries. For many of the best years of his life the lack even of the slender means that his simple wants required to travel and to lodge in a country village deprived him of opportunities to write books about English country. He was, for much of his life, tied to London; and London and its environs were peculiarly his field of observation. The choice of a site in the heart of London for his memorial has thus a double significance. He may be said to have

added another link in the chain of immortals who have written of England with such mastery of the English language. We appeal to all lovers of birds to join us in raising this simple shrine to the memory of a man whose name we wish to engrave upon the hearts of all who have enjoyed his works and of all who are yet to enjoy them.

GREY OF FALLODON.

BUXTON. (*Treasurer to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.*)

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. (*Chairman of the Hudson Memorial Committee.*)

Subscriptions will be received on behalf of the Signatories to this appeal by the Treasurer, Hudson Memorial Committee, c/o COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. They will be duly acknowledged in these pages.

THE MAN OF LETTERS

WITHIN a very select circle W. H. Hudson has long been known and appreciated, but it is well, for the sake of those who are less familiar with the man and his work, to give some explanation of the reasons for paying so high a tribute to him. On the plan of the memorial he is described simply as "writer and field naturalist." Had he been consulted, it is probable that he would have been perfectly content with this epitaph, but it does not bring him before the general public as a living and breathing human creature.

Hudson was not a native of this country—he only adopted it; but the word "adopted" is a cold expression which does not lead anyone to expect the enthusiasm and love at first sight which he felt on landing at Southampton, nearly half a century ago, in the light of a May morning. No doubt, heredity helped to bring about this quick appreciation of England, for, though born in South America, he came of good English stock, and it is characteristic that he felt at once as though at home. He had found what he called "a land of the morning," and, henceforth, left our shores only once. It was characteristic, too, that he, by instinct as it seemed, found out the district most suitable to his genius. Instead of proceeding direct to London, he stayed for some little time at Southampton, making excursions into Hampshire in order to satisfy his great curiosity in regard to the colour and appearance and songs of the birds. Later on he was to find his best field for recreation and work in Sussex, Hampshire and Wiltshire. His best English books are connected with the plain and the downland. He had come into a country rich in literature to which he was destined to add. The scent of the open air, the joy of sunrise, and the singing of birds are re-echoed or recalled in all our greatest poets, and especially in Shakespeare and Chaucer, the greatest of them all. There are "the misty mountain top," "Hark! hark the lark at heaven's gate sings," "the ousel-cock with orange tawny bill," the divinest poetry and the most pictorial descriptions abound in the work of our greatest dramatist, but they are not principals in the part, they are subsidiary to the tragedy or comedy, the poetry of the piece. There were, however, writers closer of kin to Hudson. Richard Jefferies, a writer whom he learned to love, was just beginning to feel his way at the time of Hudson's landing and was, indeed, as counted by years, his junior. Hudson was born in 1846 and Jefferies in 1848, yet, though not in time, in other respects Jefferies was his predecessor, and the two had many points of spiritual kindredship. Jefferies, in the early part of his life, had been a sportsman, and thought little or nothing of killing a bird or an animal. It was only towards the end of his career that he began to feel that it was something like a crime to shoot a bird; that he did not possess this feeling before was not due to any lack of kindness or consideration, but to the fact that it was the custom of the period in which he lived. It had been so throughout the ages, very little regard having been paid to life of any kind. Only now and then some holy saint or anchorite—St. Francis, who called the birds his little brothers, St. Cuthbert, who doled out a portion of his own scanty meals to the eider-ducks, hence occasionally called St. Cuthbert's hens to this day, and St. Christopher, who blessed all the fishes along the shores of Iona, and men of their stamp, few and far between—recognised that humanity should be extended beyond men and women so as to include all life.

What came to the saints as inspiration, came, we imagine, to Hudson through hard brain work. He perceived that life was a common factor uniting bird, beast and man, perhaps we might even add plants and flowers, and, that all being parts of the same commonwealth, we were bound to extend our protection beyond those of the human race that needed it to the lower animals, especially to birds. It became the ruling passion of his life, and his was no cold platonic love. He was not the sort of philosopher who draws up rules of conduct and thinks himself made righteous by observing

them, but an extremely warm-hearted, kindly man. I remember thinking so the first time I saw him. It was on Westminster Bridge on a bitter, cold winter day. I had begun reading his books at the time, and, thinking over the personality of the writer, one or two expressions that he used to describe scenery had struck me as suggestive of a foreigner who wrote English well and yet used words occasionally in a way that a native thought strange. It came into my mind like a flash that here was the author, when I saw a very tall man, with a smile lighting up his features, tossing to the gulls the last piece of bread with which he had come to feed them. He was alert and joyous, like one to whom it was all pleasure. No one could have missed the intellectual distinction of his appearance, emphasised as it was by a hint of something not quite English. It flashed on my mind that this could be no one but the author of "Birds on the La Plata"; so I went up to him and asked: "Are you Mr. W. H. Hudson?" "I am," he answered; and with a "Thank you, I was sure of it," we parted. That is a good many years ago, but the mental picture is as vivid to-day as it could have been at the time. Even afterwards, when I heard of his ill-health, I could scarcely believe the rumour, because on Westminster Bridge that day there was no outward sign to indicate the slightest weakness.

It seems almost incredible to look back and remember what a hard struggle he had to obtain the success that came too late. The story of his brave and bitter fight is familiar now, and need not be repeated. There was a time when it seemed as if there was a conspiracy against him. He poured out articles and books which were either returned or badly paid for. Yet his poverty was not of that plangent and hard kind that is only too familiar in literary annals. His failure in literature was made up for to some extent by the fact that he married the keeper of a boarding-house, who proved to be faithful and kind, although not on an intellectual level with the man she had married.

It was from no lack of style that he failed to win the public. His style was excellent, but it defies analysis. Pedestrian it might seem to the careless reader, for he troubled little, especially in later years, to be ornate. He acted on the belief that if his own imagination was alive and full, the best thing he could do was to use the simplest words possible and trust them to communicate his fire. Reading such works as "Far Away and Long Ago," or those dealing with his favourite downland, leaves an impression comparable to that of a faint, exquisite perfume—exquisite but indefinable. If there is any secret about it, you must find it in the working of the mind, not in the symbols that we call words. During all the long years of his life this style had been growing more and more perfect. It is at its best in his last work, "A Hind in Richmond Park." People talk of the garrulity of old age, but there is no hint of anything like that in the closing work of W. H. Hudson.

At the present moment it is good to remember that the last work of the final years of his life was made on behalf of the Bird Society. When he was writing for himself he never would condescend to take part in the haggling of the market, but preferred being underpaid to that ignominy. It was otherwise when he was working for the Bird Society. Mr. Morley Roberts says that on an occasion "when I obtained for him a price beyond his expectations, he showed not gratitude, but a disturbance that surprised me"; and the reason was made plain in good time: it was, that, on looking back, he felt that, after all, an agent might have made more money for the birds than he had made without such help. Mr. Morley Roberts adds: "This passion for the Bird Society dominated all his later life, as, indeed, it had influenced its beginning."

From this it is evident, as, indeed, it is from the entire history of his career, that no scheme for a memorial could have fallen in so exactly with his wishes as this sanctuary for birds in the most suitable part of Hyde Park, with its bird pool and a rendering in Portland stone of Rima, "half angel and half bird." P. A. G.

THE TAUNTON VALE HUNT

THE Taunton Vale Hunt country lies entirely in Somerset, and is, roughly, twenty-five miles from east to west, and fourteen from north to south. It adjoins the Blackmore Vale, the Cattistock, the Tiverton and the West Somerset; and anyone familiar with these hunts will grasp how varied must be its territory. Personally the country struck me as being much like the Blackmore Vale, as regards both the fences and the grassland (incidentally, it always strikes me that the grass in the West Country rides deeper than many another country's plough). The T. V. H. country also contains a considerable portion of big woodlands, and hill country. It is remarkably free from wire, and no arrangements are made for taking down what little there is—practically none as far as I could see, for, except at the Walford Cross Roads Meet, I never saw any. The country is well "foxed," and more than fortunate in containing not only many hunting farmers, but a very good lot of non-hunting ones also. The West Countryman is supposed to be a bit independent, but he is the soul of kindness nevertheless.

There is a story of a lady who asked a farmer the way, and on returning to her friend, and being asked if he had told her where to go, replied, "Yes, and he says if you don't get off his wheat he'll tell you to go to the same place!" That might hail from the West Country, but with this difference, that with the West Countryman an offence does not rankle, and those ladies might be certain, if they met the same man again, of a pleasant greeting and a welcome if they passed his farm. The West is still a bit of old England. The cult of goodwill still survives there, and the common bond of sport has much to do with the preserving of this spirit. There is a little poem by P. G. R. Benson, M.F.H., which is too long to quote *in extenso*, but the first and last lines of the poem, which is a deuced good one, are: "There is a Pixie lives in Somerset, indeed in all the West" . . . "They call him Cousin Kindliness the Pixie of the West."

That sums up the spirit of the West Country in a few words. To return to the West Country itself, the Quantock side is extremely beautiful, with its wonderful views over the



CROSSING A "GOYLE" IN THE HILL COUNTRY.

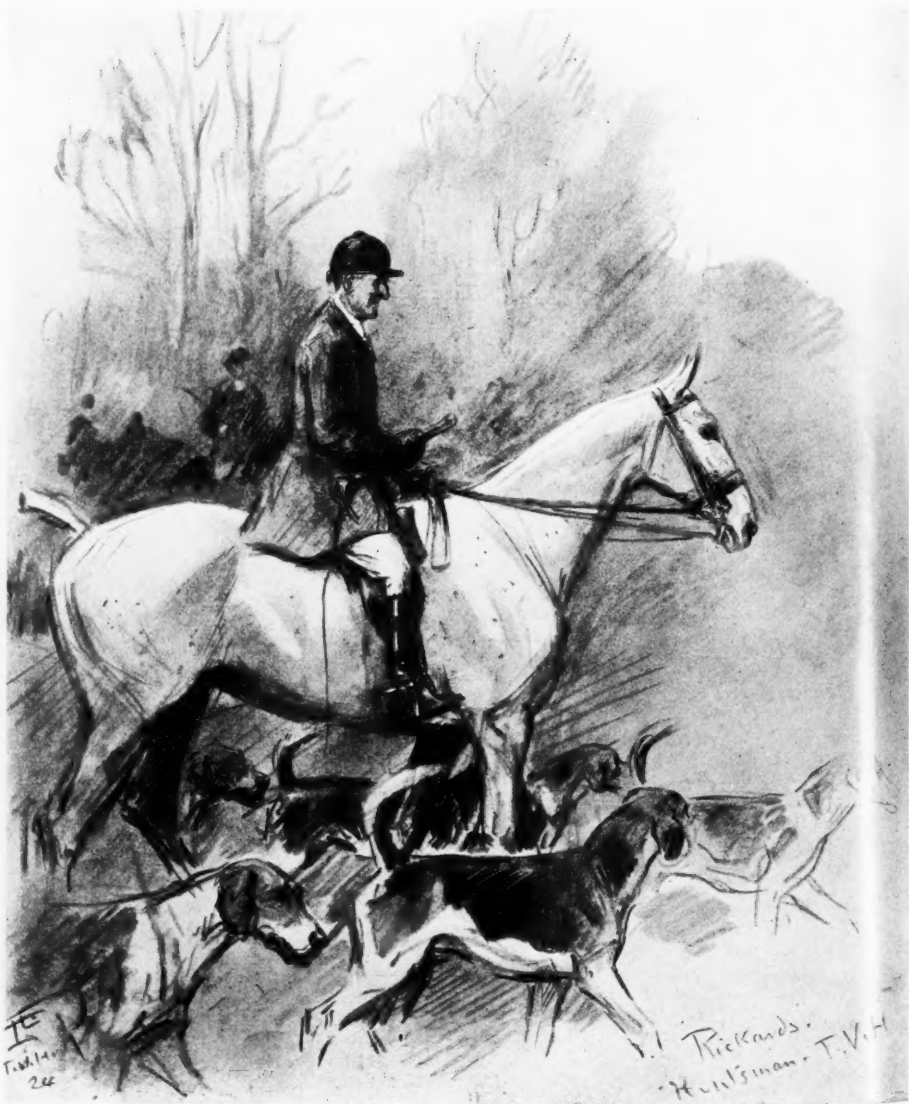


A NASTY PLACE.

Bridgewater Vale to the sea, or across the Taunton Vale—an ideal country for cubbing or spring hunting. Fivehead Ridge, with its view across King's Sedge Moor is another delightful spot.

The low-lying country is intersected with reens, rheins or rhines (how spelt I cannot discover) similar to those in the Berkeley country on Severn-side. Most of those obstacles are jumpable at a pinch, but not exactly places to go out of your way to look for! Lillesdon Reen is, perhaps, the one most often met with during a hunt, and this is just above the right size to jump, fortunately. In the hill country one encounters a fearsome obstacle called a "goyle," into one of which, near Two Waters, the artist has depicted Rickard, the huntsman, on his favourite old grey, scrambling down. A goyle is a small ravine, fenced and wooded, with a brook at the bottom, into which one has to plunge, then wade about to find some exit by which to scramble up and out again.

The hill country is not so popular with the "field" as the Vale meets, but some good sport is often obtained there nevertheless. There is always the possibility of being "left" in any woodland country, and there is a case on record in which the T. V. H. field got properly left from quite a moderate sized wood near the kennels. Hounds slipped away with their fox from the bottom, while the bulk of the followers were coffee-housing on top. Only four or five, including the huntsman, got away with them. Hounds ran into their fox under Wellington Monument, an eight and a half mile point, without a check, and only a local farmer



THE HUNTSMAN OF THE T.V.H.



IN THE LOW-LYING COUNTRY.



THE MASTER.

or so saw the kill, as during the latter part the pace became too hot even for Messrs. Dan North, H. Boden and G. Saunders, who, with the huntsman, were the only ones who saw anything of this brilliant work.

The Vale itself is fenced with every kind of obstacle, but small banks with ditches are the most numerous, although there are also fly fences. The banks are, mostly, badly in need of a hedger and ditcher, and, consequently, the country rides a bit blind. This, combined with the fact that the followers of the T. V. H. "go more than a bit," may account for the numerous empty saddles one sees during a quick burst. Perhaps the best covers from which to see a hunt are Golden Hill, Woodlands, or, better still, Jordan's withy bed—which, I believe, has never been drawn blank. Jordans is the seat of Colonel W. H. Speke (a descendant of the famous African traveller), Master of the Seavington Hounds, and on his property is the T. V. H. point-to-point course, remarkable for the fact that, unlike most point-to-point courses, you really can see it from start to finish—thanks to judicious cutting of timber.

The Taunton Vale Foxhounds are not of ancient lineage, only dating from 1876, when Mr. Lionel Patton, then Master of Harriers, started foxhunting. The pack were twenty-five

for some years. I think Goodall, who came from the Pytchley, was the first huntsman, followed by Bill Bowers, a very hard rider; but I cannot remember who succeeded him. The fields were not so big in those days, but there was plenty of good sport.

"Mrs. Patton was a fine horsewoman, also a Miss Lumley, who was usually with us in those days. There was always a hunt dinner at the end of the season, with a dozen or so in pink (evening dress), and some wine was drunk, I can tell you!"

Following Mr. Patton came Captain Fitzroy of Woodlands, from 1885 to 1888, hunting two days per week, and carrying the horn himself. Then came Mr. W. S. Marshall of Norton Manor, with Peter Whitecross as his huntsman. In 1902 Colonel W. Barrett of Mondon became Master for two years, with Dan North as huntsman. Then, after a joint Mastership with Colonel Dodington for two years, Colonel Barrett took them on alone for one year, and remained with them as amateur huntsman during all the Hon. E. W. B. Portman's Mastership until 1900. Mr. F. C. Swindell was the next M.F.H. until 1902, and was followed by the late Captain H. A. Kinglake. The latter was a figure well known in the West Country who hunted the T. V. H., carrying the horn himself for twelve years, and from 1920 until his death was Master of the famous Quarne Harriers. In 1914



AT THE END OF A RUN WITH THE T.V.H.

couple and were valued for the purpose of sale on being handed over to various residents in the country, at the conclusion of Mr. Patton's reign in 1885, by Colonel Luttrell. Mr. Patton was able to draw a country from east to west from Crowcombe Heathfield to Montacute, and north and south practically from sea to sea! He hunted three days a week, and held meets as far south as Shute House, near Seaton (South Devon). I am indebted to the popular secretary, Captain Barrett, for some further particulars gathered from Mr. John White of Taunton. The latter says, "I well remember the starting of the foxhounds. When Mr. Patton was Master of Harriers, we often used to meet at Walford Gate, where we often found a fox. Mr. Patton decided to draw for him on a by-day. Mr. Patton, Mr. Churchill-Langdon, myself and Joe Daring were the only ones out. The fox was found, and after a real good hunt earthed at Classey. I need not tell you how excited Mr. Patton was, and, riding home, he said he would start a pack of foxhounds. This he did at once. Where the hounds came from I cannot say, but a good pack was soon got together and some good supporters came forward—Colonel Allen, Major Vaughan Lee, Captain Elers, giving £200 each, while others to be recalled were Colonel Relyar, Major Barrett, Mr. C. E. J. Esdaile and Mr. Shepherd. I think some £1,600 was promised, and things went very successfully

Captain C. F. Lee became Master, but was, unfortunately, never able to hunt the pack, being killed in 1915.

The present Master, Mr. P. G. R. Benson of Sheafhayne, kept the pack going during the difficult period of war. He has increased the pack and the number of days of hunting—hunting hounds himself on two days, while Rickard takes them on the other two days. The present pack belongs partially to the Master and partially to the Hunt Trustees—fifty couple being now in the kennel. Under the present mastership a children's meet has been initiated during the Christmas holidays, at which "the young idea" are instructed (as well as fed!) in the rudiments of the chase, the points of a horse and hound, details of etiquette—in fact, all that grown-up sportsmen ought to know—and often, apparently, do not! It is a remarkable fact that hunting is a sport in which most of us were never instructed. We were taught to ride, and obliged to learn the rest for ourselves. What a saving to farmers' land, nerves and temper it could be if all young sportsmen could go to the same school! To Mr. Benson's credit, I think, may be put also the fact that the T.V.H. were the first hunt to put a warning in the public press against the bringing of horses and horse clothing from infected areas into disease-free districts during the present foot-and-mouth disease troubles.

ANISEED.

BIRDS OF EGYPT

By SIR H. PERRY ROBINSON.

THE changelessness of the ways of nature—the eternity of bird life especially—through the ages which see human dynasties and civilisations rise and fall is a familiar theme with the poets:

The lark sings now the eversame new song
With which it soared through Eden's purest skies.

And better known is Keats:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.

And it is, of course, true. Except where some great change has come over the face of the land—as when man drains the fenland, cuts down forests or brings the prairies under the plough—the rhythm of nature, flowing and ebbing with the seasons, goes on unchanged. Of all countries to-day Egypt impresses us as the oldest, partly, probably, because of the stillness and emptiness of the desert, partly from the ruins with which it is strewn, ruins dating back in some cases for fifty centuries, an enormous span of years to us. In that stretch of 5,000 years changes have doubtless come over the land, especially in the disappearance of the wide cane brakes and other dense growth which once clothed the banks of the Nile. With the vanishing of the covert, the crocodiles, the hippopotami and other creatures which once flourished in them have gone, too. A friend who has lived in Egypt for thirty-five years, up and down the Nile from the Delta to Assuan, told me that he had only once seen a crocodile. Gone, also, are the great flocks of the "birds that flutter in the marshes," of which Akhnaton (whom we believe to have been the father-in-law of Tutankhamen) sang. But save for such changes as this destruction of the riverside growth, made by man, the wild bird life of Egypt is probably to-day precisely what it was in the days of the Pharaohs, and the ebb and flow of migration goes on unchanged and unchanging.

Some weeks before the first summer visitors arrive in England you see the northward movement going on at Luxor. Any time after the middle of February you may suddenly notice one day that a quarter of the sky is full of weaving swallows, too distant, probably, for it to be possible to identify the species. Though, as is the way with swallows, each individual bird seems to be wheeling in erratic orbits of its own, the whole mass moves slowly northward, until presently the sky is clear again. Then—next day, perhaps—you will find the shrubberies in the hotel gardens all a-flutter with warblers which were not there overnight. And they will not be there next day, for they, too, are on their eternal journey to the lands which were their birth-place.

While the migrants are only beginning to move to the places where they will do their breeding, many of the resident birds of the Nile valley have their nesting season well over. In March last many of the visitors going up from Luxor to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings saw, by the roadside, a pair of hoodie crows industriously feeding a young cuckoo, which sat, fat and imperious, on a large boulder—not, of course, our British cuckoo, which would hardly have the audacity to put its eggs in a crow's nest, but the great spotted cuckoo of Egypt; and it inclines one to think less harshly of the whole cuckoo tribe that one of their number should make a habit of compelling hoodie crows—ruffians and marauders that they are—to do its nursery work for it. If every young cuckoo secures the destruction of a brood of its foster parents, it must materially affect the number of crows in the country, and there was a grim satisfaction in watching the two old buccaneers working their hardest to satisfy the fat youngster, squatting so complacently while they slaved for him.

Even without such incidents, the trip, of seven miles or so, from Luxor to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings is to the birdlover full of interest. Conspicuous all along the river's edge is the bird which should be known as the Nile Tourist's Delight, the great black and white kingfisher. The little jewel, our own English kingfisher, is occasionally to be seen as well; but it is comparatively uncommon and vastly less in evidence than its larger cousin with the boldly contrasting plumage. All day long, up and down the river everywhere, they seem to be eternally fishing, hovering kestrel-wise, a delightful flurry of black and white against the blue sky, then dropping like a stone with a resounding *splosh* into the water. They are so abundant and conspicuous that every visitor notices them, even if he (or she) may, alas! not seldom call them "sea-gulls."

In regard to these same kingfishers, Mr. Howard Carter (who is as good an observer of nature as he is Egyptologist) propounds to me an extremely interesting theory, namely, that when the kingfisher hovers thus above the water, it is not merely looking for fish, but is attracting them. The flickering of the bird above them makes the fish come to the surface to look; and Mr. Carter has made experiments which seem to confirm this. It is possible, by wagging over the water a device more or less resembling the kingfisher in the air, to bring the fish up, and, save for the difficulty of guiding a dart accurately,

one could spear them as the kingfisher does. There may be the germ of a new method of angling in this—harpooning for sticklebacks—which should be admirably adapted to the needs and tastes of the young sportsmen of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. The kingfisher certainly makes a success of it.

From the river, the road—or track, rather—runs over stretches of sand, past mud-walled villages, along the bank of the canal and through areas of broken rock and boulders to the valley; and kites wheel and swoop overhead as you go—whether on a donkey, in the little Ford car or in the abominable sand-cart—and in the dust of the road the larks like to sit on the top of the thorn bushes, after the fashion of chats, as the red-winged bush lark does in India. One does not expect to see larks sitting on bushes; and they are clumsy perchers, still—doubtless after ages of practice—unsteady in their balance and sitting with the axis of their body horizontal, parallel to the earth's surface, as if they were still concerned with keeping their tails out of the dust which is three feet below them.

The canal in the spring grows daily drier and drier, so that, each time you pass, the puddles of water have shrunk a little more and the exposed sand has baked a little paler. Here, round edges of the dwindling puddles, gather various small waders, sandpipers and, especially, the "little bird called Tedula"—the ziczac or spur-winged plover. In Tutankhamen's days the ziczac hereabouts doubtless still performed its function as an animated toothpick to the crocodile. Now the crocodiles have gone, the bird must get its living as best it can out of the mud of the canal: a safer, one would imagine, if a duller life.

Best of all along the canal, however, are the telegraph wires, to which, ridiculous intrusions though they may be on the eternities of Egypt, the birds take as kindly as they do to them at home. Here on any day you are sure to see half a dozen or more of those delightful little gluttons, the green bee-eaters. It would be interesting to know how many times its own weight in insects the bee-eater swallows in the course of a day; for it seems to be always hawking, and the quarry which it catches does not consist of the infinitesimal little gnats and flies which form the chief diet of our flycatchers at home, but of substantial bees, beetles and dragon flies, and the like; and how it manages to stow them away inside its little self with the rapidity that it does is one of nature's problems.

But in flight the bee-eater is surely one of the loveliest things in the world. The grace with which it dips from its perch to swoop, flycatcher-like, on its winged prey, flashing bronze and emerald and looking, in the sunlight, transparent, like some great glorified butterfly: then swinging with a lilt, to land lightly as a feather on its starting place—it is quite incomparable. And when, as often towards sunset, four or five of them play together in the air after the labours of the day, rising one above the other with little bursts of flight into the sky, all glittering like gems together, the spectacle is one of sheer delight.

On these wires, too, sit the pallid shrikes: not easily distinguishable from the great grey shrike which one sees, if not too frequently, in England. These, unlike the bee-eaters, never seem to leave their position on the wires, but, like butcher birds at home, sit there magisterially, turning their heads from side to side and appearing to be waiting ostentatiously for you to go away and cease to bother them. But one day in March there will be no shrike along the canal bank. They have gone, moved northward up towards the Delta. But, probably that same day, if you wander down to the orange grove in the hotel grounds, you will find the orange and tangerine trees alive with birds which look not unlike little duodecimo editions of the pallid shrike, engaging black and white creatures, not much larger than wagtails, with longish, pendulous tails too, and just a hint of a suffusion of pink on the under parts, so that they suggest exaggerated long-tailed tits. These are Nubian shrikes. There will probably only be four or five pairs in the orange grove; but they are such restless and quarrelsome things (doubtless they are quarrelling over their nesting sites for the coming season) that, with all the hurried comings and goings, the alarms and excursions, they will seem five times as many. Both the pallid and the Nubian shrike are residents in Egypt all the year round, but both migrate locally; and Luxor is about the northern limit of the Nubian shrike's movement. As it comes up from the Sudan to Luxor, the pallid shrike goes off from Luxor northward. It is precisely as if it said to itself: "Hullo! Here are those vulgar Nubians again. I must get away." But personally I prefer the Nubians, as being immensely the more entertaining and attractive people.

As you leave the canal you leave the fauna of the river and the cultivated land behind you and come to the fauna of the desert. You go by way of a wilderness of broken limestone rock, where the sun beats hotly at midday, past the landmark

of Mr. Howard Carter's house and the native cemetery, into the mouth of the Valley. Here, out in the glaring wilderness, you are unlucky if you do not see a hooded chat or two: handsome black and white birds that flirt from stone to stone as you go by. If you are positively lucky you may see one or both of a pair of the great brown-necked ravens. Here, as elsewhere, the ravens divide up the land among them, so that—though they may gather in some numbers for particular purposes—each pair is solitary and has a sufficient feeding area to itself. In all probability it has been so from the beginning of time; and when the funeral processions of the kings wound up this valley there was surely one pair—one pair and no more—of brown-necked ravens looking on.

Whatever your luck may be on the journey up, you are sure to see, whether as single birds, in small companies or large flocks of hundreds of individuals, what is the commonest of all the desert birds of these parts, the dear little desert bullfinch or trumpeter finch, dressed modestly in sand grey, with its waxy, rose-coloured bill and a flush of pink on the male's waistcoat and the edges of his feathers. By the side of Tutankhamen's tomb there has been set up, and will remain so long as work goes on there, a large pipkin, containing water for the native police guard. All day long, within a yard or two of the feet of the crowd about the tomb, the little bullfinches would come, with white wagtails, to sip at the drippings of the water on the thirsty sand. And sometimes with them came an even more charming visitor, the shapely desert lark, all shaded in fawn, sand colour and cinnamon, with the trick of looking particularly *soigné* and well dressed, which some birds know the secret of.

This desert coloration, so like the background, extends to other birds that dwell here. Down by the river the swallows are the Egyptian chimney swallows, resembling our chimney swallows at home, but with a larger expanse of ruddy underside. Here, as one approaches the valley, these give place to the pale cliff martins, which are all dusty grey, much lighter than the sand martin of Europe. If only we knew by what process animals come thus to adopt the hues of their environment! That, in result, it is protective is obvious; but that it is so by intention, probably no naturalist will admit. Apparently it must be by some process akin to photography, whether operating through the retina of the eye or on the whole exposed surface. It is, of course, visible in many fields, but nowhere is the phenomenon so striking as in the fauna of the desert.

To recur to the poets and the changelessness of wild nature in comparison with man: What did James Thomson know of Egypt? It is a Voice from the Nile that speaks:

Of all these creatures whom I breed and feed
One only with his works is strange to me,
Is strange and admirable and pitiable,
As homeless where all others are at home.
My crocodiles are happy in my slime,
And bask and seize their prey, each for itself,
And leave their eggs to hatch in the hot sun,
And die, their lives fulfilled, and are no more,
And others bask and prey and leave their eggs.
My doves, they build their nests, each pair its own,
And feed their callow young, each pair its own,
None serves another, each one serves itself;
All glean alike about my fields of grain,
And all the nests they build them are alike,
And are the selfsame nests they built of old
Before the rearing of the pyramids,
Before great Hekatompylos was reared;
Their cooing is the cooing soft and sweet
That murmured plaintively at eveningtide
In pillared Karnac as its pillars rose;
And they are happy floating through my palms.

But Man, the admirable, the pitiable,
These sad-eyed peoples of the sons of men,
Are as the children of an alien race
Planted among my children, not at home.

Whether Thomson ever visited Egypt or not (and I find no record that he ever did), he had some competent informant to advise him, and it is, beyond question, the haunting note of the doves which is the most familiar wild sound in a land that is sadly poor in singing birds.

Looking from one's window across the Nile (I am transcribing from my notes of March 5th, 1923), one sees, far off beyond the river, against the yellow background of the hills of Dehr el Bahari, two Egyptian vultures—Neophrons or Pharaoh's Chickens—swinging in wide circles over the palm tops. They are loathly creatures near at hand, but there, as the sun catches them on the turn and they flash brilliantly white and black, they look magnificent. But one's vision of them is distracted; for, nearer at hand, above the river itself, swooping down to quarrel over some fragment thrown from one of the tourist boats, chasing one another—apparently playing "tag"—up into the sky, swinging in great curves over the very roof of the hotel, are half a hundred kites; and the air is full of their long shivering call. Immediately below my balcony a pair of hoopoes are pacing along the path that fringes the patch of turf studded with fan-palms. On the wall beyond, above the purple mass of Bourgainvillea, a turtle dove sits preening itself, gleaming bronze and steel blue in the sun; and from somewhere to the left and somewhere

to the right (how hard to localise exactly the sound is!) come the liquid notes of other turtle doves, rising insistently above the shrilling of the kites.

It is a typical scene; and all these birds must have been here long before Tutankhamen's days, before Karnak or the temples of Dehr el Bahari, back into the times when primitive local superstitions were beginning to crystallise into some sort of an ordered religion and when the hieroglyphics were being invented. In the sacred symbolism of ancient Egypt no creature—not the cow, the jackal or the scarab—played a rôle more splendid than that of the vulture. The Neophron was the first letter—the *alef*—of the hieroglyphic alphabet, and of all the signs none is more happily drawn than that of the griffon (still, next to the Neophron, the commonest vulture of Egypt); while the great vulture wings shield the heads of goddesses, give majesty to the royal cobra and even flank the sun-disc itself.

The hawk (there are two pairs living in the hotel grounds now) had no less—even greater—honour. But why do we find so little recognition of the kite? They knew the kite in those old days, and its call was accurately represented by its hieroglyphic—*tee-u-u-u-u*—but there the glorification of the kite seems to end. In the earliest times gods grew to importance in proportion to the importance of the city or locality with which they were identified. Was the kite so unfortunate as to have been adopted as the god of some miserable place which never distinguished itself, but sank into obscurity? Or (for we know how kites come and go) were kites, though known, scarce in Egypt then? Had they been as intrusive and omnipresent as



THE GREAT HAWK OF HORUS AND RA-HARMACHIS.

they are now, they could hardly have escaped playing a larger rôle in the religion, the symbolism and art of the times. To-day they are to the eye—if the turtle dove is to the ear—the most noticeable feature of Egyptian wild life.

Ninety-five per cent. of those one sees are the common Egyptian yellow-billed or parasitic kite; but now and again, mixed with the crowd of the commoner bird over the river there, there is one black kite: mixed, but seeming to hold itself partially aloof, inclining to fly higher and swing in wider circles in the air. But the kite is much the same all the world over, with the same buoyant beauty of flight and the same audacity, stooping to snatch things from the fronts of bazaars or from the trays of sweetmeat-sellers' heads, from the tea-tables on the hotel verandah or on the decks of tourist steamers on the Nile. Many a visitor last spring, at Tutankhamen's tomb, who sat down upon the hillside to eat his luncheon and unwarily placed his sandwich on the rock beside him, was startled by a sudden rush of wings, coming like a thunderbolt from the blue above, and was left to mourn the loss of his lunch. The boldness of the kite, the swiftness of its swoop and recovery are incomparable; and if it were not a scavenger, there is no bird that would have more of our admiration.

The hoopoe, looked at from above, is curiously like a gigantic chaffinch. Perhaps the black and white of its coloration have something to do with it; but it is more, I think, its gliding manner as it moves along, turning slightly to right or left, now and again picking up some unconsidered trifle from the gravel or stopping to drive its pickaxe of a beak into the edge of the soft turf. In flight it is a lovely thing, and when the male struts before its mate with its great red-gold crest (a personal present, legend

says, from King Solomon) spread to its widest, there are not many more beautiful creatures. There are people who do not like the note, and call it melancholy. It is less liquid than the voice of the turtle dove, but its "hoop! hoop! hoop!" is shouted so briskly and so cheerily that one almost expects it to end in a hurrah! Vultures, kites, turtle doves, hoopoes, kingfishers, bee-eaters, shrikes and crested larks, these, with hawks and little

owls, hoodie crows and wild pigeons, are the birds which the casual visitor to Luxor is likely to become acquainted with, and they are a nice lot of birds, lacking tunefulness, perhaps, but full of character and beauty and sufficiently differing from the common run of birds at home to furnish never-ending entertainment to one who cares to watch them and has sympathy with the wild things.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS AT TWICKENHAM

BY LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.



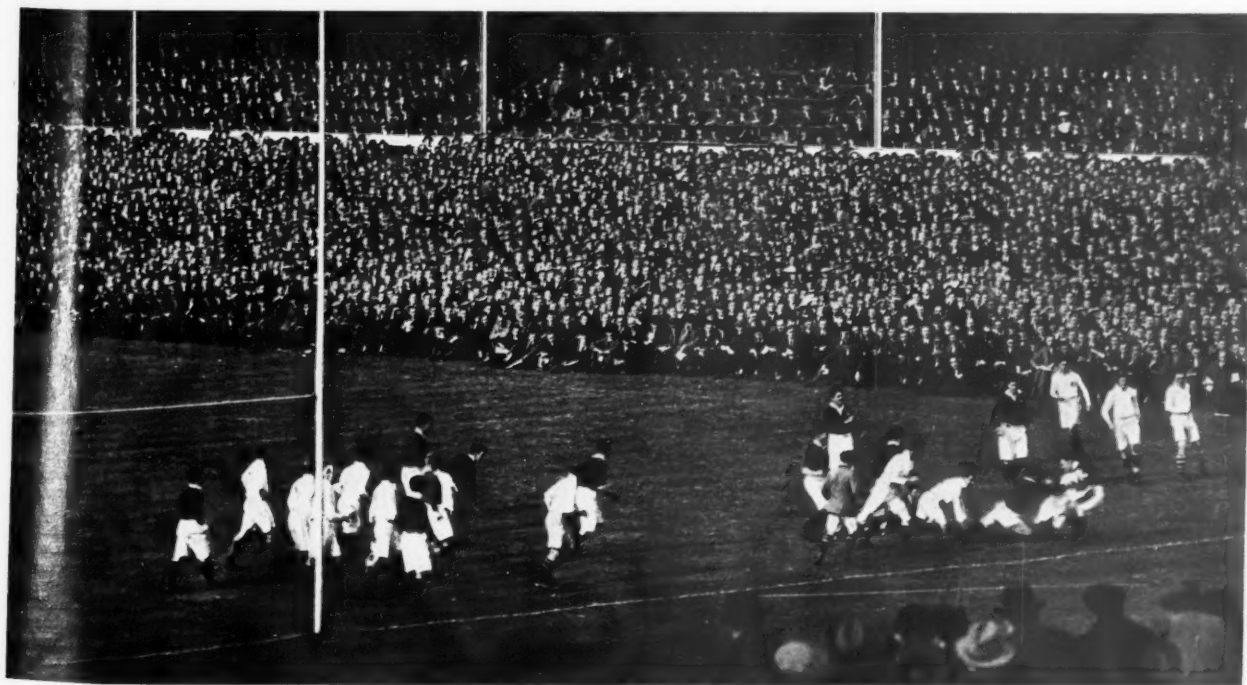
ENGLAND IN POSSESSION: A CRUCIAL MOMENT.

SUCCESS is achieved by "turning the common dust of servile opportunity to gold," and it was the failure to do this that lost the match for Scotland. It was a memorable game, not so much on account of a high standard of play, as because it was full of exciting incidents and the result was uncertain until a late hour. When half-time was called England was only five points up and ought to have been five points down, for Scotland had had two chances of scoring, such chances as men dream of, which had broken down at the critical moment in almost unbelievable fashion. Not only should two goals have been the practical result, but the more intangible, though no less important, moral effect might well have been decisive. Morale plays a very important part in every game, and this was shown very clearly towards the end of the match last week, when Myers dropped a neat left-foot goal for England and put his side nine points ahead. Up to this time the English backs had been far below the form for which we had looked and hoped; they had dropped their passes, missed their tackles and got out of position, but, after this success, they became different men; they played with confidence and certainty; they appeared to realise that they could and would win.

It must not be thought that England did not deserve to win or that she owed her victory to luck, but it was her supremacy forward, and not outside the scrum, that entitled her to do so. The scoring of tries by the backs is mainly a question

of opportunity. No matter how indifferently the backs are playing, if they are given sufficient chances, sooner or later, one of them will "come off" and a try will follow. It was by their skill in getting the ball in the scrummages and their prompt heeling, while holding the scrum, that the English pack won the day. Fortunately also, the connecting link between the forwards and backs, Young, the scrum-half, was on the top of his form and got the ball out smartly and accurately. In spite of continual disappointments during the first half of the game, the forwards and Young persisted in their efforts to make openings, and their steadfastness was at length crowned with success. Many of our forwards are getting towards the inevitable stage of decline which comes all too soon for Rugby footballers, but in all their careers they have never been called upon for greater efforts than against this young and vigorous Scottish pack, and never have they risen more gallantly to the occasion; one cannot praise them too highly.

The Scottish backs were a success, and the Scottish-Oxford three-quarter line justified the wisdom of their selectors; behind winning forwards nothing could have robbed them of victory. It is true that they failed on two disastrous occasions in the first half, but they made far fewer mistakes than the English backs, and no one can blame them more than they are probably blaming themselves for those unfortunate lapses. Two men outshone all others among them, Smith and Waddell. The Oxford wing showed himself to be one of the fastest and most



RIGHT ON THE SCOTTISH LINE.



TACKLE AND HAND OFF.

dangerous scoring three-quarters now playing, while Waddell is developing into a really great stand-off half-back. Time after time he beat the English defence and set his three-quarters going in masterly style. Bryce got the ball out as often as his forwards would let him. There were some typical Scottish forward rushes led by Buchanan, Bannerman and Lawrie.

Turning to the winners, pride of place must, of course, be given to Wakefield and his colleagues. The English captain has never played better and at least once saved his side from a certain try by his individual efforts; his leadership was invaluable to England. After Wakefield, Conway and Luddington seemed to me especially good. Luddington did a tremendous amount of useful work of the unspectacular type, while Conway was splendid in every phase of forward play and also seems to be the only man in England who can kick goals.

The good work done by Young at the base of the scrummage has already been mentioned. At his age he may look forward to a long and honourable career as an International. He has one weak spot—in defence; it is to be hoped that he will strengthen this weakness, for he can never become really great unless he does. This criticism is not made in any unfriendly spirit, only from a desire to see a player of such great promise rise to greater heights.

The play of the backs was patchy, as has already been indicated. Individually, they did some magnificent things; in combination, they did many foolish ones. It is significant that only one try was the result of definite concerted action—and then it was a forward, Wakefield, who scored. The drop goal by Myers, the clever try by the same player, and the final

glorious try by Catcheside were all brilliant pieces of play by these individuals; one felt that much might be forgiven when our men were capable of such deeds, but it must be confessed that, earlier, each one of our backs had seemed bent on showing how many mistakes he could make. Corbett and Myers were good illustrations of this March madness which overtook our backs, each was inclined to overdo the intercepting idea, which is all right when it comes off, but is disastrous when it fails. Both men were uncertain in the giving and taking of their passes; usually they are very dependable in this respect. Jacob also had an "off" day; he missed his *vis-à-vis*, Smith, several times and, on the other hand, failed to elude him frequently. Catcheside was well marked by Wallace, but his tackling was good and, when his chance came towards the end, he made no mistake about it. Locke's tackling was very sound, but he was inclined to hold on to the ball too long.

By the way, Catcheside is developing a tendency to bore in on his centre which upsets more than one promising movement; he will have to watch this.

And now with regard to Chantrill. This player can congratulate himself on having done what most Rugby men would like to do—played his best game against Scotland. He brought off some beautiful tackles when a try against us seemed certain; his kicking was long and he found touch faultlessly. Much of England's success may be credited to her full-back in this match.

There is only one discordant note to sound, and the cause was a matter of regret to all who saw the match: there was some inexcusable and quite unnecessary roughness on both sides. Feeling in this match runs high; every man plays as hard as he knows how to; no quarter is given or expected, but that is quite another matter from collaring a man before he has got the ball or throwing him deliberately long after he has passed. There were occasions when the referee might have been much more severe than he was.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

PIGS AND THEIR RATINGS.

FOR the convenience of our readers we reprint a letter from last week's issue on pig-feeding at Cornbury Farm, so that it may easily be referred to in connection with the reply which has very kindly been forwarded by Mr. Carstens.

"Could you state the amount of mixed meals fed to a pig fattened to the seven months and the average weight of pig when killed at factory? The ration proportion mentioned appears to work out at 1.24d. per lb. fed, taking this week's Mark Lane prices, but on to which carriage must be added from London, Bristol or Southampton. If home-grown barley is used, then it is worth 11s. to 11s. 9d. cwt. on farm. The price paid by a bacon factory near me was, for February, 8½d. lb. dead weight up to 180lb., 7½d. lb. 180-200lb., 6½d. lb. 200-220lb. Incidentally, the factory raises pigs fed on fish meal—½d. per lb. to above may be added if especially good pigs. I am afraid that the outlook for small pig feeders is very depressing, due to high prices of all meals—unduly high and out of proportion. Probably, co-operation on a large scale might be the remedy. It is absurd to pay, say, 9s. cwt. for sharps when English feeding wheat is 10s. 9d. cwt.—A BREEDER."

"Yesterday we sent twelve pigs to the factory. Average dead weight, 7 score 9lb. (our man being present at factory). Age, twenty-nine weeks. Food consumed, 728lb. at 1.24d. (your correspondent's



WAKEFIELD WITH THE BALL AT HIS FEET.

figure), freight included as we buy. Persian barley, £3 15s.; cost of pig at eight weeks, 15s.; labour, 5s.; depreciation on cost of hurdles, etc. 1s. Total £4 16s. Price paid for pig, 7 score 9lb., at 15s. 9d. per score, £5 17s. 3d.

The factories ought to prove that fish meal has been fed, 5 per cent. cannot be traced. It is immaterial whether the pig feeders are small or big so long as they have enough pigs per acre. Of course, the above result is with feeding against the weather. During the summer months the result should be better, and still more so with the greater use of green feed and milk offals. You will note that we have not credited the pigs with the manurial value of the concentrated food. Yes, the price of feeding stuffs is too high compared with the selling price of the pig, but these seem to be the usual fluctuations of the pig trade, which will probably right itself in time.—E. CARSTENS."

RATING OF POULTRY FARMS

A case important to poultry keepers has just been decided in the Huddersfield County Police Court. It was that of Messrs. Whitwam Brothers of Bank Bottom Farm, Golcar, who have occupied a small holding for twenty years. Up to the present year the land was rated as agricultural, but consequent upon the owners having gone in more extensively for poultry, the Rating Authority claimed that the land was not now being used for agricultural purposes and that as poultry farmers they could not claim to be assessed on the agricultural basis. Judgment was given in favour of the defendant's claim for the non-payment of the sum demanded, but the Bench expressed a wish to make it clear that the decision is based on the special facts of the case and has no bearing on the general point as to whether a poultry farmer pure and simple would be entitled to the relief granted by the Act of 1923. In this case they were taking into account that the farm of eleven acres with buildings to accommodate one horse, four head of cattle and a number of pigs is a farm within the meaning of the Act. At the date of hearing there were one horse, one milk cow, one

heifer and twenty-nine pigs. All the land is grazed by cattle and last year four acres were mowed, thus the whole of the eleven acres are used for general farming and no part of the farm is used exclusively for poultry, neither is any trade done in poultry appliances or poultry food. It will be seen that the magistrates did not consider that poultry farmers pure and simple would be covered by this decision, and poultry keepers are advised by the National Poultry Council to resist claims for full rates upon land. It will be interesting to have a test case where the farm is used exclusively for poultry. Why chickens should not be considered farm stock is not apparent at a first glance.

HEAVY HORSES IN SCOTLAND.

The success of the Glasgow Stallion Show proves that the Clydesdale breeders, at any rate, are not feeling the depression of the times. The 1924 show was better than its predecessor in 1923, the entries amounting to 169 in this year's and 154 in its predecessor. The quality shown was excellent, and Mr. James Kilpatrick's Craigie M'Quaid is an animal of quite outstanding merit. He took the Cawdor Cup, the Brydon Shield for the best stallion three years old and upwards, and the Supreme Championship. Mr. A. M. Montgomery was Mr. Kilpatrick's most dangerous rival. He produced the reserve for the Cawdor Cup in Benefactor by Fyvie Sensation, and he also won the reserve for the Supreme Championship. The show was well attended, and the news from the market confirmed the impression made by it. Very good prices, considering the times, have been obtained for high-class Clydesdales. These prices did not run to four figures, but within that limit are substantial. For some time past there has been an oscillation between the heavy horse and the motor. For the moment, at any rate, the heavy horse has come into favour. He is, on the whole, less expensive to buy and keep and he is handier in town work where there are narrow streets to be negotiated. We expect that there will be considerable activity in the market now coming on.

THE COURSING DERBY

ALTHOUGH it goes under another name, the Waterloo Cup, in the public estimation, occupies a similar standing in the coursing world to that of the Derby in racing. It is the one coursing meeting of the year that the man in the street takes the trouble to recognise. Probably he is unaware that a number of other important gatherings furnish sport, and excellent sport, too, for enthusiasts who go to the pains of attending them. Still, owners would rather win the Waterloo Cup than any other trophy, and one can imagine the apprehensions that were aroused earlier in the year by the possibilities of an abandonment as one of the unpleasant consequences of the foot-and-mouth disease epidemic.

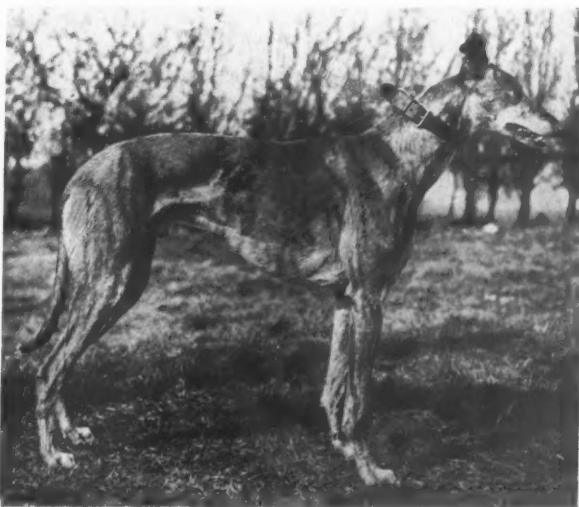
As it happened, the postponement until last week was not without its compensations, the ground being in good condition and the bright sunshine adding much to the comfort of the spectators. On the other hand, in some cases the severe weather leading up to the meeting had not been altogether favourable to training operations. The first round on Wednesday proved disastrous to the hopes of the Irish contingent, the only consolation remaining being that Mah-a-Buacail, bought by Mr. Hoyle last year for 400 guineas, and Mr. Clover's Mutt's Brother were both bred in Ireland. Mah-a-Buacail survived until the semi-final, then being beaten by Mr. A. L. Wing's Whitechapel. He has a tremendous turn of speed, which in this instance led to his undoing, as he overshot his hare, leaving the other dog to do the work. He was lucky enough to receive a bye in the previous tie, Lord Lonsdale's Latto having to be withdrawn after a gruelling course with Mutt's Brother on a strong hare. This was a great disappointment, as there were hopes that Latto would repeat last year's performance. It is possible that he was a bit short of work. He had not previously run in public this season, and there has been a lot of severe frost at Lowther, where he was trained. In his earlier ties he had reproduced his old cleverness, though he gave some the impression of not being particularly fast.

The deciding tie was won by Mr. T. Cook's Cushy Job, running in the nomination of Mr. A. Gordon Smith. It was a convincing victory over Whitechapel, characterised by great speed and cleverness. The loser, however, stuck gallantly to his task. Cushy Job is a son of Staff Officer, the sire of Latto and other good ones. Bred in Northumberland, whence have come so many famous greyhounds, he was trained by Mr. Walter Telford in Sussex. Last year his performances were disappointing, and this season he has hitherto failed to distinguish himself greatly, except by winning the South of England Plate. Both the finalists are second season dogs.

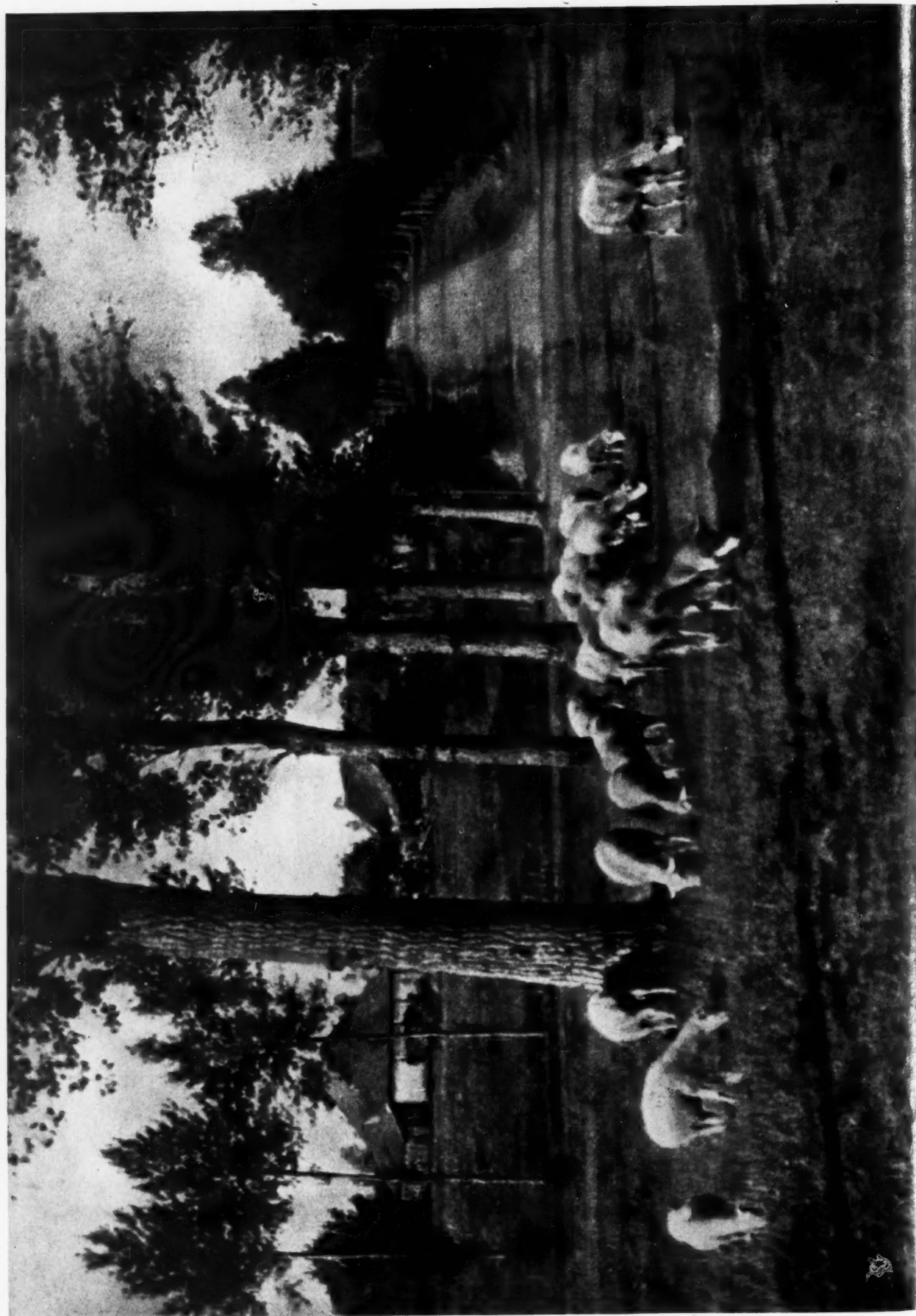
The Waterloo Plate was won by Mr. J. Govey's Gaulstown Gun from Colonel R. McCalmont's Mutton Cutlet.



CUSHY JOB, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.



GAULSTOWN GUN, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO PLATE.



ON THE BORDEAUX ROAD.

Somewhere near Vendôme, in the flat wheat-growing country between the Seine and the Loire.

M. O. Dell.

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ON THE BORDEAUX ROAD.

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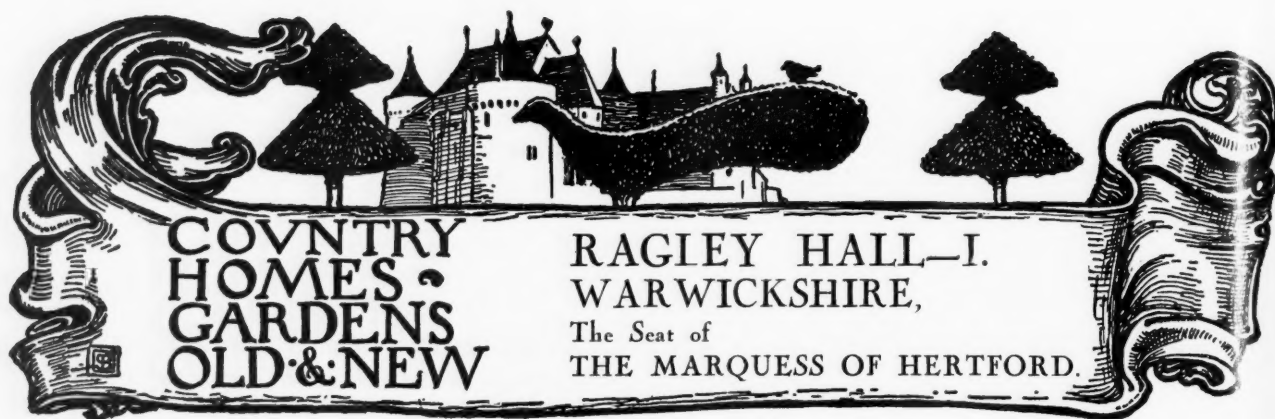


THE CHURCH AT ESQUIEZE.

This, one of the tiny villages, each with its church, sprinkled so thickly in the Pyrenean valleys, is near Luz St. Sauveur.

M. O. Dell.

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RAGLEY, on first acquaintance, does not proclaim the date of its origin, but gives rise to some feeling of perplexity. It belongs to our Late Renaissance period, certainly, but that had its varying and succeeding phases, and Ragley does not slip into any one of them.

While not showing such diversity of parts as at once indicates definite periodic alterations, yet the whole work is evidently not synchronous. The exterior, for instance, has affinity with Late Stuart houses, whereas the salient plasterwork of the hall (Fig. 2) is of the character only reached after the coming of the Hanoverians. The story of its early existence is poorly documented, yet a careful criticism of what can be gathered of written evidence combined with a discerning study of its architectural and decorative parts and details will permit us to build up a likely and consistent tale. Thereof we will take as a corner-stone a remark in a letter written in August, 1683, by Francis Gwyn to Lord Preston, in which he announces the death of Lord Conway who, says he, "hath left directions his great house at Ragley should be finished." Let us, then, first establish who this Lord Conway was and what his connection with Ragley.

Ragley lies in the Warwickshire parish of Arrow, south of the town of Alcester, and is described by Dugdale (who first published his History of Warwickshire in 1656) as being then "a village whereof there is no more than the Mannour house now left." It was, towards the end of the reign of Edward III,

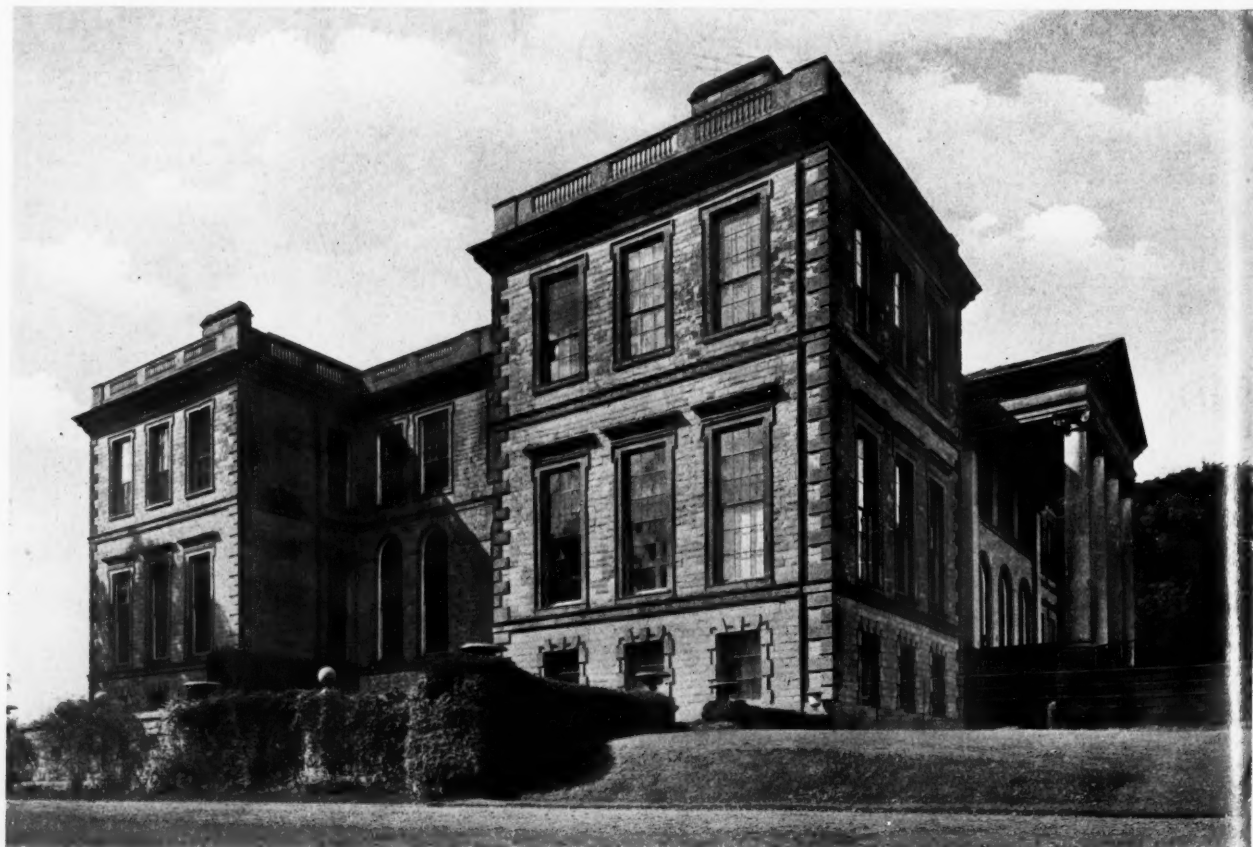
the property of one John Rous, whom that King and his grandson and successor, Richard II, much employed in country work, whereby he gained both credit and fortune:

Nay so eminent he grew for his wealth and authority, that he built a stately Gatehouse of stone here at RAGLEY and imbattailed it like a Castle; for which, being done without the King's License, he had not only a special pardon in 5.R.2. but a Commission to build the rest of his dwelling House here answerably, and to fortify it with strong walls of lime and stone, in like sort embattailed.

His neighbours at Arrow were the Burdets, people of equal importance with the Rouses and, like them, owners of many manors. Dugdale describes Sir Thomas Burdet as "a person honoured with divers employments in his time," which was that of the French wars of Henry V and Henry VI, and in the eighteenth year of the latter's reign, when the tide of success had set in against England, Sir Thomas, then Governor of Evreux, was slain at the battle of Pontoise. His son suffered a less glorious death. He was active on the Commission of the Peace in his county and, therefore, forced into partizanship during the Wars of the Roses. When Edward IV quarrelled with his brother Clarence and the Nevilles, Burdet displayed "good affections" for Clarence, thus rendering himself suspect to the King's party. He was watched and—

so strict were the eyes and ears that were set over him, that an advantage was soon taken to cut off his Head.

Tradition has it that in his chase or park at Arrow he had a favourite white buck, and this choice animal the King, hunting



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1.—THE SOUTH AND EAST ELEVATIONS.

Showing the pavilion form of the house adopted at its first building in 1680.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in those parts, killed. On this being reported to Burdet he flew into a rage and abused the King, "passionately wishing the Horres in his Belly." That was considered evidence enough for his destruction, but his attaind did not involve the loss of Arrow to his family, for that and other estates he had handed over to a son by a second and favoured wife. Between his and his elder brother's descendants there was a long and complicated succession controversy which did not end until the ultimate heiress of the elder branch was finally allotted Arrow, as one of

later brought the estates to the grandson, Sir John, who enjoyed them for fifty years. But he had his vicissitudes. He seems to have been too much of a Protestant for Mary, who put him in the Tower in 1558, while Elizabeth likewise gave him a period of incarceration for suspected Catholic leanings. Ardens and Somervilles were his Warwickshire neighbours and connections. Before their pro-Mary Queen of Scots conspiracy was nipped in the bud in 1583, they had approached him, and although he "advised them to lay these



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2.—THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

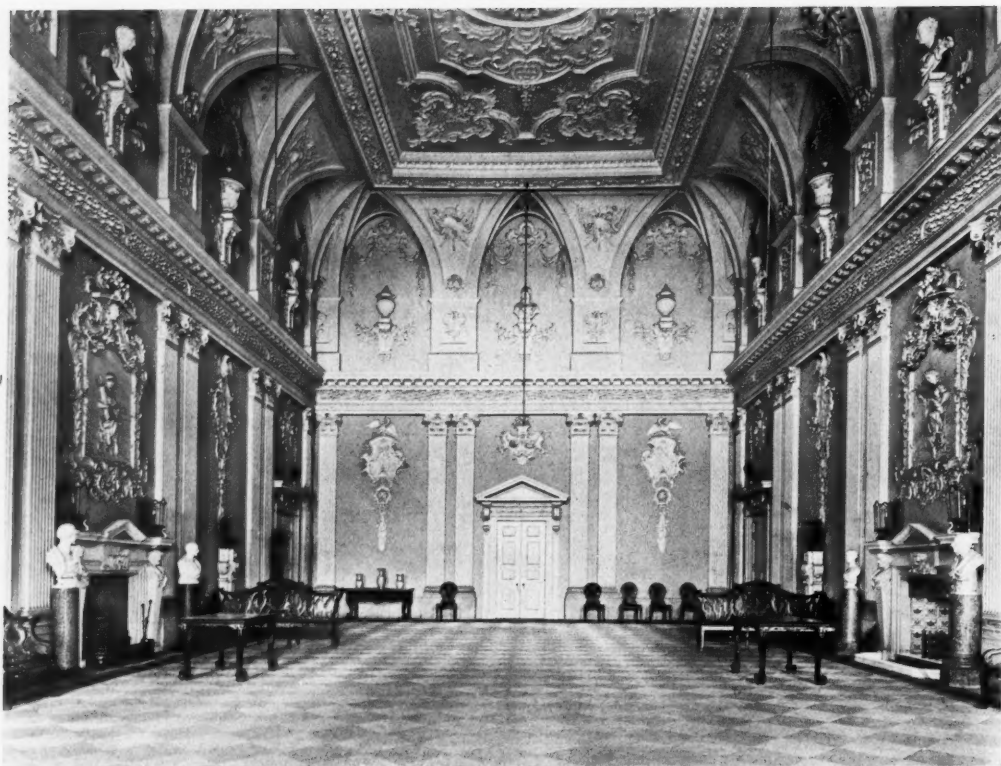
The doorways and the scheme of Corinthian pilasters, carrying an entablature, most likely date from about 1725. The enriched plasterwork from thirty years later.

a group of manors, in 1531. She was the wife of Edward Conway whose grandson Sir John, half a century later, purchasing Ragley from Rous' descendants, united the properties.

The Conways, hailing from Flint, were among the Welshmen who came forward as officials under the Tudors. John Conway of Portrethan had two sons, of whom the elder, Sir Hugh, served Henry VII and died in 1508. It was his brother Edward, gentleman usher to Henry VIII, who married the Burdet heiress. He died in 1547, and his son's death six years

concepts aside," he was arrested and, being a minor poet, sought diversion within the prison walls and a mode of egress from them by writing euphuistic verses in praise of the Queen. Four years earlier he had suffered from another Warwickshire connection. The Grevilles were of Beauchamps Court in Alcester, and Sir John, who had married one of them, makes complaint that as he was walking along a street in London—

Mr. Ludovic Greville (of Milcote) came suddenly upon him and struck him on his head with a great cudjel and felled him,



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3.—THE HALL, AS SEEN ON ENTERING THE FRONT DOOR.

"C.L."



Copyright

4.—THE SOUTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and being down struck at him with a sword and but for one of Sir John Conway's men, who warded the blow he had cut off his leges. Yet did he hurt him on both his reins.

Sir John was succeeded in 1603 by his son Sir Edward, who had distinguished himself seven years earlier on the Cadiz expedition and had there been knighted by the Earl of Essex. Serving the Crown in war and peace, he became Secretary of State in 1623 and President of the Council in 1628, when, that castle being granted to him, he was created Viscount Conway of Conway Castle, the barony of Conway of Ragley having previously been conferred upon him.

In 1623 he had chosen Sir Robert Harley of Brampton Bryan as husband for his daughter Brilliana, whose defence of that fortified mansion against the Royalist attack in 1643 is celebrated. Her husband and sons preserved their correspondence with each other and with their relatives. Thus, spread over a period of sixty years, there are many Conway letters and an occasional reference to Ragley. Other scraps of information as to the early history of the place have been carefully collected by Mr. Richard Savage of Stratford-on-Avon, and I have availed myself of his valuable notes. They show that in 1592 Sir John Conway made the final payment of £1,150 out of the £3,000 he had given for the Ragley estates. A family letter is dated from Ragley in 1603, and in 1610 an inventory is taken. The house was, probably, still in great measure the battlemented structure erected by John Rous under Richard II. Was that the building called The Lodge, which, in the time of the first viscount, the agent finds it expensive to keep in repair as it stands much exposed to pelting winds? From that we may judge that it stood high, perhaps on

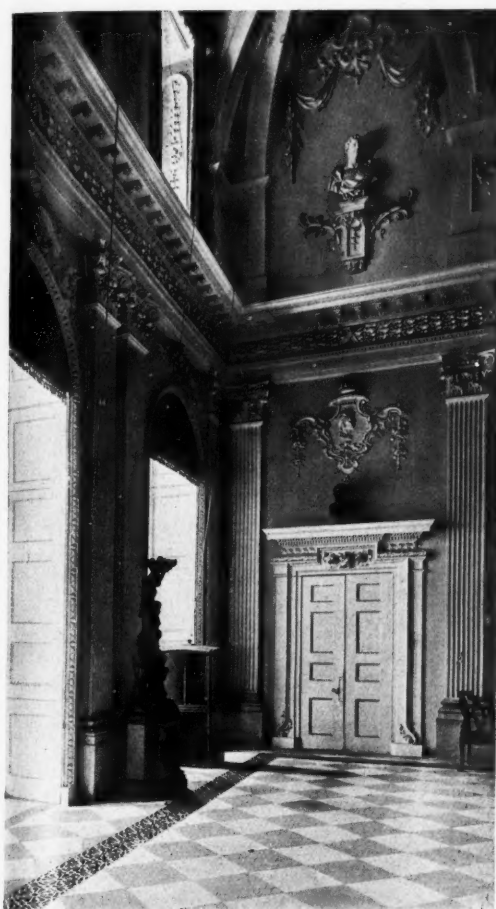
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the site of the present house; and the seventeenth century home of the Conways, which had fish ponds, may have been below in the sheltered area now occupied by the kitchen gardens. Here, in 1628, the first viscount employed a Dutchman to plant vines, and he was probably also building, as he pays 8s. 6d. to a man for "Drawing the Plot of Ragley House."

Dying in 1631, his second wife survived him, and his son writes to his brother-in-law, Harley, that he expects trouble with her over the will. All that Mr. Savage has found is that she bought certain furniture from family mansions other than Ragley, which was let to Lord Brooke, cousin and successor to Fulke Greville of Beauchamps Court, who had been given the title in 1621 and died five years later. This tenant of Ragley desired "that the pictures be left in the Gallery," and when, in 1638, he was succeeded in occupation by a Mr. Kite "some walls in the house and outhouses, which were down," were built up again. In 1641 the wife of the second Viscount Conway writes from Ragley,



5.—THE SOUTH-EAST END.

and she was residing there in 1652 and 1653. But her husband was not there with her, nor is there a scrap of evidence of his ever having made it his residence. He is a jovial man, fond of good cheer and writing most racily—not, however, to brother-in-law Harley, who is a strict Puritan, a friend to "Godly preachers" and an enemy of Laudian ceremonial and "altarwise" communion tables. Harley and his sons are active on the Parliamentary side, but Conway leads the horse against the Scots in 1640 and suffers in the Newburn defeat. There were Conway estates in Ireland, and soon we find him fighting against the native rebellion at the head of a regiment of what was still the King's army. But King and Parliament were too busy fighting against each other in England to supply adequately the English army in Ireland, and in the autumn of 1642 Conway writes from Belfast that they are—

without hay for our horses, without howses for the men, it raines continually, every one is sicke, few cloathes, little money, ill meate, worse drinke.

Though no Puritan like his brother-in-law, he never



Copyright 6.—ONE OF THE TWO CHIMNEYPICES. "C.L."



Copyright 7.—ONE OF THE FOUR DOORWAYS. "C.L."



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8.—THE EAST ELEVATION, WITH WYATT'S ADDED PORTICO.

"C.L."



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9.—THE GARDEN AS RE-LAID OUT AFTER 1870.

"C.L."



Copyright.

10.—THE WEST ELEVATION.

"C.L."

was a strong Royalist, and, soon, alarmed at the Parliamentary successes and their threat of sequestration, he hesitates. His son, with him in Ireland, is more decided, and writes to his cousin, Edward Harley, now a colonel in the Parliamentary army, to say he would like to join him if the viscount's permission can be obtained. We, however, hear no more of this. In 1646 the viscount is in London trying to get men who will not fight for Parliament, but are tired of fighting for Charles, to form a regiment for the King of France's service. Two years later, the son, Edward Conway, is still fighting in the English interest in Ireland. In 1649 he is a colonel, and in London. Now, however, a period of obscurity and some poverty sets in for both Harleys and Conways. They are against the Independents, the army, the King's execution, and therefore are obnoxious to the ruling faction. The viscount retires to his friend the Earl of Northumberland's house at Petworth, and finds it safer to write about lamprey pies and the quality of beer than on political topics, until his health, if not his opinions, transports him to Lyons, where he dies in 1655. Meanwhile, his son, in 1651, had married a daughter of Sir Heneage Finch, who had been Speaker of the House of Commons, and died in 1631. His country place was Kensington, which went to his son Sir John Finch, and only in Charles II's time was it transferred to his other son, who became Lord Chancellor and Earl of Nottingham. After his death it was acquired by William III and was enlarged into a Royal palace. It is from Kensington that we find the third Viscount Conway writing to his brother-in-law, Sir George Rawdon (who, like himself, was much employed in Ireland) informing him of the death of the second viscount, who, suffering much from "rheum," had gone south, whence

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he had written that "he did believe the heat of the climate of Langedocke would perfectly recover his flesh." However, "a palsy fell on his lungs," and "all the skill the physicians had could not make him spit so much as once." In the following year the third viscount is at Ragley, and, as we know from his letters to his cousin Harley, was again there and active in Warwickshire preparations for supporting Monk and the return of Charles II in 1660. Early in the next year he describes to Rawdon the crowning of the restored monarch:

We have now passed over the great ceremony of the coronation, much admired for the sumptuousness of it, as exceeding the glory of what hath passed of the like kind in France. I had provided me a very fine horse, but the music and the arches made him very unruly, so that he fell with me three times and the Duke of York's horse threw him twice. The King was in great danger, till he commanded the music to cease. Many others were thrown, but none received any hurt except Sergeant Glyn.

Presumably, the race of horses bred under the Commonwealth was not accustomed to music, which was disapproved by Puritans. But if Conway's description is a picture of the "exceeding" glory of the scene, France may have been glad to escape "the like kind."

Conway's Irish estates and interests led to his appointment as Governor of Armagh, Tyrone and Monaghan. It was now that Conway Castle fell into ruin, for every scrap of iron

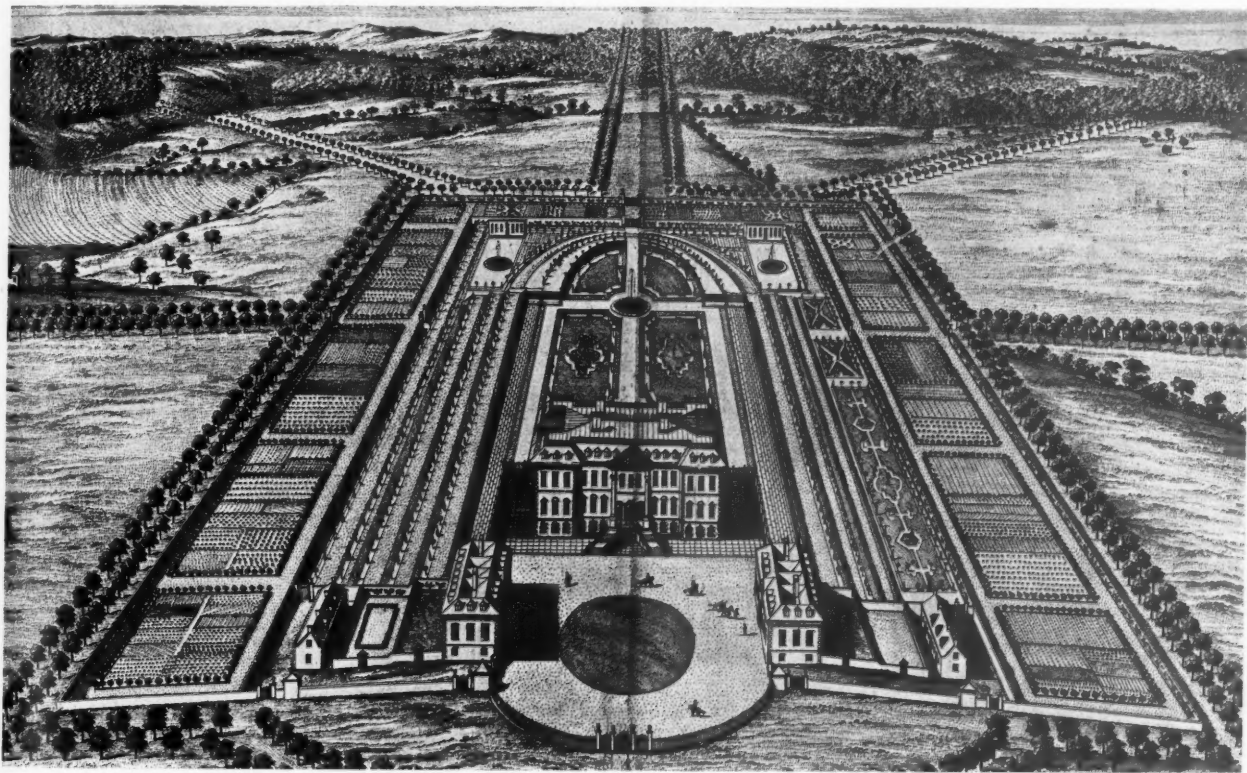
with leanings towards the Quakers, and we read in Fox's "Journal" how, in 1678, he went from Pershore to Ragley—

to visit Lady Conway who, I understood, was very desirous to see me and whom I found tender and loving and willing to detain me longer than I had freedom to stay.

But an equally famous man, who combined religious mysticism with medical skill, had more "freedom to stay." That was Van Helmont, a Belgian doctor, who was domiciled with Lady Conway during the closing period of her life, for Conway writes from Ragley in December, 1677, that—

In my family all the women about my wife and most of the rest are quakers, and Mons. Van Helmont is governor of that flock, an unpleasing sort of people, silent, sullen and of a reserved conversation.

When Lady Conway died at Ragley, early in 1679, his lordship was in Ireland, and Van Helmont, after setting the body in the coffin, filled it up with spirits of wine and put glass over the face so that the disconsolate husband might see it when he arrived. It was now that he was made an earl, and in 1681 he was appointed a Secretary of State. His invalid wife had borne him no children. Being a widower, he decided to seek offspring by another marriage and to house himself at Ragley in great style. That we know from a letter written to him on April 5th, 1680, from Brampton Bryan by his cousin, now



11.—HOUSE AND GARDEN AS IN 1697-99. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY KIP.

The forecourt and side buildings were swept away about 1780. The forecourt gates (see Fig. 12) are now at the entrance of the kitchen garden.

was taken out by its lord for use at his seat at Lisburne, where he spent much time. But he was also occasionally at Ragley, to which he moved his establishment and his goods from his town house in Queen's Street during the plague of 1665. He was at Ragley also for the funeral of his mother, a daughter of Sir Francis Popham of Littlecote, in 1671. To the church of Arrow the father's body had been brought from France, and here the widow was laid to rest with due pomp, for her son writes how he has got through—

the troublesome ceremony of my mother's funeral with less disorder than was expected in so great a crowd and with the applause of all that saw it.

If his lordship was only occasionally at Ragley, her ladyship made it her home. She had been taught "learned tongues" and "eagerly perused" the works of Plato and Plotinus. But she suffered constantly from headache, and sought relief far and near. Thus the reputation of an Irish doctor named Valentine Greatrakes to effect cures "by the touch or stroking of his hand" reached Conway, who sent over for him to Ragley as his wife is "a martyr to pains in her head." A month of "stroking of his hand," however, proved a failure, although, setting up in London, he had quite a vogue. Her ladyship's metaphysical studies led her to become a mystic

Sir Edward Harley, who had married a Popham of Tewkesbury, and the letter alluded to states—

Ye delay of a few hours brought Mr Popham and myself to Ragley ye same day yr L^{dy} went toward London. We had ye satisfaction to see ye beginnings of ye design and mode of a most noble structure w^{ch} I pray God yr L^{dy} may see wel finished & wel filled with an excellent Lady & Children.

So the "great house" was then arising. But, alas! none of the good wishes of the visitor was realised. Not one but two "excellent ladies" were, indeed, brought there. Yet, of children there was none, and the "noble structure" was incomplete when the earl died in 1783. In 1680 he married a daughter of the Lord Delamere, but she died in childhood in July, 1681. He lost no time, for on the 25th of the following month he took as his third wife a daughter of George Stowell of Cothelstone. Two years later he lay on his death-bed and, having no direct heir, made a will cutting out his near relations, the Rawdons, and leaving the reversion to his estates after his widow's death to the children of his cousin, Letitia Popham, wife to Edward Seymour, whom he appointed as one of two trustees to whom he assigned the task of completing the house "by as much annually as they thought fit."

The trustees would, naturally, not be extravagant in the matter of decorations, and such would quite naturally be

supplemented by a later and wealthy owner. There is every reason to think this is what happened. Take, for instance, the great hall (Fig. 3). The reticently designed classic order of Corinthian pilasters supporting an entablature of which the frieze is of ribbon-bound oak leaves may just possibly date from the time when Conway's trustees were carrying the building forward to habitable completion. But the plasterwork that fills the two tiers of great panels and that which occupies the flat of the ceiling area is an elaborate and fully developed example of the school that carried on the baroque stucco of Artari and Bagutti to the rococo excesses of the latter half of George II's

died in that year, and whose nephew carried out the Georgian alterations. He swept away formalisms and left the great block of the house standing amid groves of trees. In more recent times the formal west garden was in great measure reconstituted (Fig. 9). But to the east there is no forecourt. Groves of trees flank the vast gravel area, and behind the northern grove the stable courts, preserving, perhaps, a little of the buildings shown on the northern edge of Kip's view, are hidden. The clairvoyée is no more, but the central entrance gates with their magnificent overthrow will be the ones that now lead into the central alley of the great kitchen gardens



Copyright. 12.—THE ENTRANCE TO THE KITCHEN GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."
The gates appear to be the same that show in Fig. 11 in the centre of the forecourt enclosure.

reign. Moreover, the rather curious semi-vaulting of the ceiling is an exact counterpart to that in the saloon at Rokeby, built by Sir Thomas Robinson in George II's time. We shall see how a grandson of Edward Seymour, who, with Francis Gwyn, is trustee in 1683, held Ragley from 1732 to 1794, and it is evident that after he became Earl of Hertford in 1750 he did much to the interior of the house. As regards the exterior, we can estimate and appraise the extent of his changes by comparing the east or entrance elevation (Fig. 8) with a bird's-eye view including the whole lay-out (Fig. 11), but also taken from the east, engraved by Kip before 1699, as it is called "the seat of Popham Seymour," who

a quarter of a mile away. The overthrow culminates with the family arms, the Conway negro-head crest and Moor supporters being combined with the Seymour arms. The illustration (Fig. 12) shows the gates in some decay—the Moors, for instance, have lost the shields they should hold—since then they have been renovated, a praiseworthy deed carried out with, perhaps, a little too much thoroughness. To the house itself the salient addition made by the Earl of Hertford was the portico, a good example of James Wyatt in his classic mood. Did he also reconstitute the roof, or was Kip's draughtsman incorrect? He delineates a roof very like that at Belton which Sir John Brownlow was

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beginning to build when the Earl of Conway died. Hipped roof descend on to a cornice from a balustraded "platform," such as Pratt had used at Coleshill and Webb at Thorpe thirty years earlier, and such as country house builders not infrequently adopted throughout Charles II's time. Was Conway one of these, or did he incline to the other, and shortly afterwards more fashionable, method of setting the balustrade on the top of the cornice and rendering the roof as inconspicuous as possible? That is what his nephew, the second Earl of Nottingham, who sold Kensington to King William, certainly did at his new building of Burley-on-the-Hill (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. LIII, page 178). He began it a dozen years after Conway's death and gave it very much the same front as he will have seen at Ragley. There is the same pedimented centre and the same fifteen windowed length broken up into five sections, the end ones projecting. It would seem that Nottingham had his uncle's house in mind and that his roof, hidden by a balustrade, had been from the first adopted at Ragley and was wrongly drawn in the bird's-eye view. At Shavington, in Shropshire, which is of the same date as Ragley, the seventeen-windowed east front (the central section having five windows) has points of similarity with the west front Ragley (Fig. 10), where the central section is carried up into an "attic." At Shavington that is the case also with the end sections, which needed that addition to emphasise them, as they project merely by the width of the rusticated coigns and not boldly as at Ragley. This pavilion plan was less used in England than in France, but occurs also at neighbouring Hanbury Hall in Worcestershire, built by Serjeant Vernon in 1701. There, on a smaller scale, the scheme is remarkably similar to that at Ragley, where the plan is of a parallelogram some 140ft. long and 100ft. deep, having slightly projecting centres to the long east and west elevations, and with pavilions, nearly 40ft. square, set into the corners, with moderate east and west projections, but jutting far forward to north and south (Fig. 1). The centre, to the east, approached up segmental steps with good wrought-iron balustrading, is occupied by the great hall, forming part of a spacious and ceremoniously ordered *piano nobile*, of which other rooms and a plan will be illustrated next week. The undercroft is fully raised above the ground and contains fine rooms of ample height. Thus, this Charles II scheme is a fully developed precursor of such great Georgian houses as Houghton and Rokeby, Wentworth Woodhouse and Kirtlington. Indeed, the Ragley undercroft might have been the model of that at Houghton, where its doorway (originally under the steps to the State entrance as it still is at Ragley) was called by Horace Walpole the "common approach," the usual family sitting-rooms being right and left of the long vaulted sub-hall, known as the arcade, that runs right through from east to west, as the similar feature does at Ragley. All this is so fundamentally structural that it could not be the result of Georgian alterations,

and, moreover, several of the rooms have for their chimneypieces the fire arch with great bolection moulding which is characteristic of the last score of years of the seventeenth century. In the great hall itself it is difficult to set exact dates to the various decorative features, unless it be the elaborate stucco work, already noted. It closely resembles, in its rococo character, that in the Honington saloon and in the Kirtlington dining-room, both houses in the same part of England as Ragley and where this stucco work was carried out about 1750. The Ragley stucco Bishop Pococke enables us to date rather more exactly. In his "Travels Through England" he tells us how, on September 28th, 1756, he went from Alcester—

to Ragley, which is a grand seat of the Earl of Hertford's, situated on an eminence that commands a fine view of the country. It is a very large house, and seems to have been built about the time of Charles II. The hall is 67 feet long and 41 broad and 38 high, and has been just new modell'd and embellished with ornaments of stucco.

This new modelling will have included the mantelpieces (Fig. 6), which are almost identical in design with those in the saloon at Uppark in Sussex, which were introduced by Sir Matthew Fetherstonhaugh some time after his purchase of the place in 1747. As to the Corinthian order which constitutes the more structural decoration of the Ragley hall, the possibility that it was part of the 1683 trustees' work of "finishing" has already been suggested. But can the same be said of the doorways? Such forms undoubtedly developed under Charles II. But the central doorway at the west end with pediment supported on consoles is a model favoured by the Burlingtonian School, as, for instance, by Colin Campbell at Mereworth and Compton Place. On the other hand, the four side doorways (Fig. 7), by their architrave rising from a whorl and broken for a top panel, and by the semi-pilaster treatment of the space beyond the architrave, seem to derive directly from John Webb as he wrought at Thorpe. But then his collection of his own and of Inigo Jones' drawings were acquired by Lord Burlington and were favoured by his school. Better, therefore, to leave undecided the precise decade of these doorways and merely enjoy their excellence, which culminates in the original design and admirable craftsmanship seen in the spaces left by the architrave breaks, where fruits and shells, implements and arms are grouped about the head of an animal—elephant and horse, mastiff and dragon—mostly crisply carved. Furniture will have been made for the hall at the time the stucco work was introduced. The full set of a dozen chairs and four settees seen in the illustrations have an earl's coronet and cloak framing the Seymour-Conway arms surrounded by the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, to which Francis Seymour, created Earl of Hertford in 1750, was elected in 1756. That will be about the date when he had this set of furniture made for him, but of it and of all his doings more will be said next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

EL DORADO

MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM'S new book, *In Quest of El Dorado* (Macmillan, 12s. net), might have been even better than it is with the moral left out. Its happy, careless air of adventure, the charm of description and the shrewd and good-humoured glances at the odd and much diversified stream of the human race met in the course of travel are enough for those who read for entertainment. *El Dorado* to Spain was a vision of endless gold, for the Spaniard in his colonisation, discovery or annexation—whichever it may be called—of the New World thought only of the riches he could extract from it. It had been the way of the conqueror as far back as there was a historian to chronicle his doings. The main idea of those who overran the antique world was, in the English of to-day, "loot." The conquering army of Philip of Macedon, Alexander the Great and Genghis Khan gathered what treasures they could in the new country, gold, precious stones, slaves—what they could keep and what they could sell. It was not till after the American War that the British Empire began to adopt a new principle—that of inducing the colonists to grow or make on the new land what was not to be grown or made at home. That is usually accepted as a big step forward in human civilisation. Spain lost her greatness through adhering to the old policy of "loot," which she despatched across the main in Spanish galleons during the days when Drake, Frobisher and the rest of them were thrusting in for a share of the spoil. America and trade combines are now worshipping the same god as the Spaniards of old. The modern

United States does not look to the mine or treasure house, but seeks its El Dorado mostly through the agency of limited liability companies. This argument may be sound and true, but the book would have been equally charming without it. The Spain of to-day must differ in many ways from what it was in the days of Philip. At any rate, a very interesting picture is drawn of life in Madrid, where they still prefer horse-drawn vehicles to the ill-mannered car bursting with speed. First place is given to the Spaniard for politeness to women. He is always polite to them; not like the Frenchman who says, "Place aux dames" and does not give it, or the Englishman who is only polite to women when they are good-looking or remind him of his mother. The stately Don still possesses the best manners in Europe. Unfortunately, they are tinged with cruelty, shown by the Auto de Fé and the Inquisition in the days of old and to-day by the bull-ring and the *plaza de gallos*. The author was advised not to go to see a bull-fight; but, not considering that it was necessary to turn a blind eye to anything, he went: and a very energetic and fascinating description is the result. Nevertheless, he finds excuse for the Englishmen who are drawn again and again to the bull-ring, and he confesses that he also feels "a persistent craving to go again."

Following the footsteps of Columbus, Mr. Graham and his wife sailed from Cadiz on a Spanish ship and followed the explorer's route to Porto Rico, Haiti, Cuba and San Salvador, the first land sighted by Columbus. It would be impossible for the voyage to be described in higher spirits. The journey to Panama and Mexico was postponed, because

the tropics were judged to be too tiring in midsummer, so they went to Santa Fé before making the great adventure. Santa Fé will be a discovery to many readers. It is a rallying place for authors and artists, who have plenty of "copy" close by in the shape of a superabundance of picturesque cowboys, Indians and Mexicans. A lively account is given of the native population and who are never very far off, and of cowboys cowgirls, of bull-dogging and other amusements of a similar kind. September was the month in which Balboa climbed the famous peak in Darien, and a return was made at that season. After much voyaging among "tropical islands, all gnarled rocks and upstarting palms, places for pirates, places for loot," inhabited islands and trading islands, Nombre de Dios Bay, a place ever associated with the name of Francis Drake, was reached. Here he lived in disguise, watching how the Spanish shipped the treasures of Peru on to the Plate Fleet:

"I have brought you to the mouth of the treasury of the world," cried Drake when in 1592 he captured Nombre de Dios and led his seventy-three English sailors to the stacks of bars of gold and silver there, so heavy no man could take any of it away.

Drake had many adventures there; he captured the great galleon called Cacafuego with his little ship The Golden Hind, but it was Nombre de Dios that held him at the last, for in "a leaden coffin his body lies there somewhere under the quiet sea." It proved more difficult for the modern Englishman than it had been for the Spaniard when he wanted to emulate Balboa:

The Spaniards plunged across the Isthmus in chain-mail; I was in my shirt, the Spanish Negroes without even a shirt. How the Conquistadores did it in complete armour gives a measure of the physical endurance of these men.

The ground is strewn with rotten yellow plums which have fleshy centres and bitter-sweet taste; monkeys hang from the trees looking at us, parrots innumerable flutter about the open spaces. And when we come to open spaces, how painful the sun! I am dazzled by the gleaming points on my eyelashes; eyes want to get right in, temples throb.

The first view of the Pacific is vividly described:

... it was a great moment. A warm current ran through my veins and something seemed to lighten heavy boots. Wings came out from my heels, and I stood on tiptoe and stared.

That phrase of Keats, "a wild surmise," came very near to naming the feeling of rapture. The eyes of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the eyes of Francis Drake, the eyes of the one of the many! "It was all for this," I whispered.

Martinez restlessly waved his hooks and peered at me one-sidedly. "Grande Oceano," said he reflectively, as we resumed our tramp, and he led me to the sea. It was many hours, but they went easily, and we came out to the shore in the peace of late evening, and there in a little inn we drank *blanco seco* and toasted Vasco Nunez de Balboa and Francis Drake, whom certainly the one-eyed man did not know. But I then counted out silver dollars for Martinez and paid him off. And he was pleased.

The Panama Canal is an enduring monument to the United States and in some ways a lesson to the rest of the world. The first victory was that over disease:

What was one of the most pestilential swamps in the world is now something like a health resort. Not only is the mosquito a rarity, but also the domestic fly. After a myriad flies and two Tanglefoots a day, it was strange to arrive in an even hotter latitude and find no flies. I was told: "If you find a mosquito in your room at the hotel, telephone the office."

After that it is no exaggeration to say that American sanitary science has shown the world that any pest-hole can be cleaned up. As a matter of fact, the place has become a health resort and an uncommon district for its wealth of babies. They call them "speakity babies." The Spanish American natives, now generally called "Spigs" are slow to learn English, and have a pleasant fancy to use the letter "y" where we do not use it: thus, "Me no carey for you," and a common remark to an American is, "Me no speakity English." Hence "speakity babies" and "speakities," have become part of the vocabulary. When the children grow up a little bit they are proud of their birth-place and say, "I'm a Calzone boy" or "I'm a Calzone girl," which means that they were born in the Canal Zone.

There is much entertaining writing about New Mexico, but by that time the story is interwoven with that of Wilfred Ewart, who met his friend there and spent an adventurous time with him before he was accidentally shot on an Old Year's Night. That, however, is a different story, which is to be told in the "Life and Last Writings of Wilfrid Ewart," now in the press. We have but to add that the book is one of the best written of those produced by the author. It has scarcely a dull page in it and the vigour and vivacity of the descriptions could scarcely be bettered.

The East India House, by William Foster (The Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.)

A DISTINGUISHED company have passed through the portals of old East India House: Generals and governors-general, and clerks famous in literature and philosophy: Hoole, Lamb, the Mills, Peacock and many others of less lustre. It is with these, their routine and the growth

of the premises that Mr. Foster has fondly written, after many years of superintendence over the India Office Records. There is little about the political and military affairs; the generals and governors scarcely appear. Yet the book is none the less pleasant. The Company, founded in Elizabeth's reign, first settled on its present site in 1638, when the then Governor, Sir Christopher Clitherow gave them premises in his own house off Lime Street. Lord Craven's adjacent house was added in 1647, and the old timber building survived the fire till Jacobsen rebuilt it in 1726. It was again transformed by the Company's surveyor, Jupp, in 1796, and was finally pulled down in 1861. Mr. Foster quotes an amusing verse, attributed to Peacock, purporting to describe the work of these forerunners of the Civil Service:

"From ten to eleven, ate a breakfast for seven;
From eleven to noon, to begin 'twas too soon;
From twelve to one asked: 'What's to be done?'
From one to two found nothing to do;
From two to three began to foresee
That from three to four would be a damned bore."

HINTS FOR RAMBLERS.

A Guide to the New Forest, by Heywood Sumner, F.S.A. (C. Brown and Son, Ringwood, 1s. 6d. net.)

Life and Customs in Gilbert White's, Cobbett's and Kingsley's Country, by J. Alfred Eggar. (Simpkin, Marshall, 12s. 6d.)

MR. SUMNER, as might be expected from the writer of the fine book on Cranborne Chase, has written an exceptionally good guide to the New Forest. Those who judge by bulk may not think so, because it consists of only eighty-eight pages. It is, however, difficult to imagine how more information could have been printed in this number of pages and yet a luminous and most convenient plan be observed. The author begins with a vocabulary used by students of the Prehistoric which may be unnecessary to scholars, but, at the same time, it is of great value to the young and those who are not bookmen. There are more people than might be fancied who do not know exactly what is meant by such common words as palæolithic, neolithic, the Bronze Age and the Iron Age; and sufficient information for the purpose of the visitor to the Forest is given in a couple of pages. They are not mere dictionary explanations either. Such information is given as that "The new stone men domesticated animals, were herdsmen as well as hunters, and made pottery." There is also an excellent map, with the aid of which and with the plan of the Guide Book, the pilgrim may very soon acquaint himself with the Forest. It is divided into the Northern Area, which includes the highest heathlands; the Middle Area, overgrown by great woods; and the Southern Area, wooded lowland and gradually becoming the seaboard of the Solent. Descriptions of all the places contained in these territories are given in alphabetical order. They are terse, but full enough for the pedestrian who will not find this little book too large for his pocket. The last two pages are devoted to a very useful list of books and maps dealing with the New Forest. Not every visitor to the New Forest can believe that roe deer were more plentiful in the past than fallow deer, but in his own brief way Mr. Sumner makes it quite apparent. We know from the bones found that roe deer used to be more prevalent than other deer, but in the New Forest the soil has an acidity fatal to the preservation of bones.

Mr. Eggar has spent a long life in the parish of Binstead and he opens his book by giving a list of the occupiers of the houses in the parish in the year 1849, that in which he was born. He is a humorist and lightens his exposition with local tales, such as that of a certain curate, Mr. Hoare. He was marrying a sailor one day, and on putting the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the sailor quickly replied, "Come here a purpose, sir." He gives a very pleasant description of the village about the middle of last century when the children's clothes were made by a Mrs. Spiers, "a good tailor, especially in making trousers." Everybody then lived on the produce of their farms and holdings, so that not only was the village self-contained, but so were the different houses. In Mr. Eggar's youth there were signalling stations where now we have the telegraph wire, and he relates the story of one of the inventors of the electric telegraph approaching the Admiralty and being met with the reply that the system of signalling in use was "sufficient and satisfactory." Servants in his early days belonged to the old faithful type and were, many of them, "characters." He tells of a gardener of his great-aunt who put in some plants, and his mistress, not liking the position, moved them to another place after he left work. The next day he put them back and said to her, "I puts un there, and there he bides." He quotes the conversation of a Bentley young man made on a five miles tramp when he was escorting a young woman to Alton. His only remarks were: "Mind the puddles"; "The moon wants snoffin"; "Have you got ere a true love yet?"

He gives the text of a mumming play which used to be performed at Crondall at Christmas. A fine chapter of the book is called "Some Hunting Reminiscences," and we gather that the author has been a Nimrod in his day. Hunting men will delight in his stories of great dogs, great runs and favourite horses. It is a book infused from beginning to end with the genuine humour and atmosphere of country life.

The High Place, by James Branch Cabell. (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

"THE poet," observed that witty American poet, William Vaughn Moody, "in a golden clime was born, but moved away early." Yet it is hardly fair to speak of the process as a voluntary one; the poet moves, certainly, but not until he has been repeatedly kicked by life, the landlord. It is with this gradual and reluctant matter of removal on the part of Florian, Duke of Pysange—a poet who writes no poetry—that *The High Place* deals. Admirers of Mr. Cabell's work (and all who love good writing must necessarily be that) will admire *The High Place*, but they will not, perhaps, admire it quite as much as "Jurgen" or "Figures of Earth." The first half of the book, at any rate, haags fire a little. It is almost as if Mr. Cabell began it with reluctance, at the instigation of publishers or a public which demands that a writer shall continue to rewrite his first popular book for ever and ever, but that, with the artist's blessed compensating faculty, he managed to warm up to it later and to finish it for pure love. So the second half of the book is wholly delightful, with all his wit, irony, wisdom, beauty and polished literary precision going strong. The book is, of course, an allegory, and so gives its author the opportunities that he loves to ridicule human follies, for ever ancient and for ever modern, and to

satirise complacent human creeds and institutions. Florian pursues through half a lifetime the lovely vision of the princess Melior, that he has had as a child, and, having obtained her, makes many disillusioning discoveries: "To a married poet there are worse things than death" "I have been familiar with no person without finding that intimacy made some liking inevitable and any real respect preposterous. . . ." "All men and all women are human beings, and nothing can be done about it." But the real compassion and tenderness of the author's philosophy is a noble thing, making for righteousness, and now and then he allows its note to sound clearly: "It seems to me that gods and devils are poor creatures when compared to man. They live with knowledge. But man finds heart to live without any knowledge or surety anywhere, and yet not to go mad. And I wonder now could any god endure the testing which all men endure?" Finally, there is a chapter recording an interview between the Devil and the Archangel Michael, when they are deciding Florian's fate, which is high comedy, and the very cream of the book and of Mr. Cabell's talents. Here is one taste of it. Archangel and Devil sit down to wine together, and the former pensively remarks, "It is a good wine. But it begets a treacherous softness of heart and an unsuitable, a quite un-Hebraic tendency to let bygones be bygones." V. H. F.

Jane—our Stranger. by Mary Borden. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) THIS new book of Miss Mary Borden's is of a rich and varied texture, crowded with characters, lightly sketched or formed in perfect detail, full of incident and yet with every evidence of its most skilful selection. Her publishers make a point of the fact that she, an American, has been able to create so perfectly the atmosphere of the most exclusive circles of the Faubourg St. Germain; but to a reviewer that is not a matter of much importance—it is the result that counts, and not the difficulties which lay in the way of its achievement. It is the story of an American heiress married by her ambitious common mother to a decadent, cold-hearted, sensual son of the old nobility. The first part of it is told by her brother-in-law, the crippled Blaise de Joigny; the rest is Jane's own story, written down from memory by Blaise. This is one of the book's few blemishes. It is not easy to believe that Jane could ever have been so self-explanatory, so clever at reading character, so deft in conveying an atmosphere. Her French relatives

regarded her as something of a savage, and in the sense of being elemental, simple, lacking in subtlety and strong in impulse, a savage she was. It is impossible that she could ever have expressed herself as she does here; she could have felt and endured, but she could not have summed up. If Miss Borden had contented herself with making Blaise, who is subtle enough and fine enough in perception for anything, piece her history together himself, it would have been a better book. As it is, we seem to hear the voice of Blaise from the mouth of Jane, and, when compared with the sensitive charm and power of the first part of the book, where he writes as himself, the second part is almost ordinary. But how ungrateful to cavil where there is so much excellence. The circles into which Miss Borden introduces us have standards of their own, but there is a grace and courage about many members of Jane's French family which make them very likeable, and Jane herself is one of those rare instances in fiction of the wind of imagination making the dry bones of character stand upright and live. The story itself, too, is true to life, but uncommon in fiction.

England, My England, by D. H. Lawrence. (Secker, 7s. 6d.)

MR. LAWRENCE has quickly brought out a successor to "The Ladybird," that impelling and rather repulsive study. The short stories now published in *England My England* bear a curious resemblance to each other, due to an entire lack of humour. This disadvantage prevents sufficient differentiation of the characters. They are all the same people, or, rather, one person, who is strong, morbid, cruel, unhappy and sensual. This person bites into life with a primitive ferocity. He does not want bread and jam, but raw beef plastered with mustard. Yet he possesses a soul that expands to the fresh clean air of morning and the colours of sunrise and sunset. He acclaims them with savage delight. Mr. Lawrence makes us feel our tribal isolation. He sings at the feast, not of modern man, but of his ancestors, where the gnawed bones lie among the straw below the crude outline of the rafters. His song is, naturally, that of war and harsh realities, the untamed and violent conflicts between men and women. In those short stories a wild passionate poetry, a cruel sincerity induce Mr. Lawrence to select for his realistic treatment the passages in life where love, pain and misunderstanding, jealousy and anger, lift anguished heads above the level land of everyday.

THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING AT CHELTENHAM

OPENING OF FLAT RACING NEXT WEEK.



W. A. Ruch.

THE FIRST FENCE IN THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE.

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Left to right: Jackette, Pilot XI, Demon II, Croft House, Bonnie Brown.

BY far the most notable race meeting of the winter months was that which took place last week at Cheltenham under the direct auspices of the National Hunt Committee, who have wisely left the organisation and management in the hands of Messrs. Pratt and Co. They are identified with Gatwick, Alexandra Park, Lewes, Folkestone and Plump-ton, but this big annual affair in March is their greatest success. The National Hunt meeting used to be a sort of movable feast, and Warwick was frequently the venue, but since Cheltenham came to be accepted as the permanent headquarters the fixture has far surpassed all that had gone before. In the first place, Cheltenham is the centre of a particularly fine sporting country, which interests at all times many people who are devoted to steeplechasing, and especially to foxhunting. Then, the course, though having a certain disadvantage in being laid out on heavy soil, is very fine from a spectacular point of view, while affording

an admirable test for the staying horse with genuine jumping abilities.

Given an assurance that the Committee would make this their permanent headquarters, the management proceeded to put up a very fine range of stands, which are a model for comparatively poor structures much nearer to London. In racing enterprises it is as true as it is in big commercial projects, that to make big money you must first expend big money! This was the policy adopted at Cheltenham, and a fit and proper reward is now being reaped. Nothing could have been finer than the fixture which was carried through on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The experiment of extending the meeting from two to three days was pronounced a success by those who were interested in the receipts as well as by the public generally. To be sure, it was the amazing fine weather that primarily made the meeting the huge success it was. Brilliant sunshine, a

genial temperature, which caused furs and overcoats to be thrown aside for the time being, and a light which at all times reminded us of what, in such circumstances, a very fine spectacle steeple-chasing and hurdling can be. Then the going was perfect, too, and it would be quite true to say that such conditions had never been known on this course. I have known it at times awfully deep and holding, and horses have finished up the hill "cooked" and thoroughly exhausted. This time the racing was truer, and because horses ran more to their form the bookmakers, I am glad to say, did not have it all their own way.

I am not going to suggest, as some writers have done elsewhere, that the racing itself was better than anything experienced at the National Hunt meeting in the past. I frankly do not think it was. For instance, there were only eighteen starters for the National Hunt Steeplechase for maiden horses under these rules. Compare this with the thirty-five that went to the post two years ago, when Conjuror II won, or even the twenty-five that faced the starter, if not the judge, a year ago. After all, numbers do mean something in this class of racing. Then, last week's field were a dismally poor lot on the whole. There may have been an exception or two, but I am making a general observation. I do not think any good judge, who watched the eighteen parading, could seriously claim that they were a good and promising field. We had a frequent point-to-point winner as favourite in Peter the Piper. It is, as it should be, that a high-class hunter admittedly had pretensions to win this highly attractive event. In the result, a *bona fide* hunter and point-to-point winner in Patsey V was successful, but I am not suggesting that either the losing favourite or the winner is ever likely to take distinguished honours in open steeplechasing. What is satisfactory to know is that the race was not won by a horse that had been bottled up for the occasion. Conjuror II is the best horse I have seen win the National Hunt Steeplechase in recent years, and he had risen from the ranks, until to-day he is generally expected to take the highest honours of all at Aintree this week.

However, to return to the race of last week. I have never watched a National Hunt Steeplechase with less incident to it, and providing less change from start to finish. Peter the Piper pulled his way to the front, and for most of the journey shared the running with a horse ridden by Mr. M. D. Blair and which finally fell. All the time Peter was pulling hard and taking a lot out of himself. Even so, it seemed that he would, win as the opposition gave the idea of being so puny. Then between the last two fences Patsey V came looming on the scene. His owner-rider, Mr. B. Lemon, did not bustle him, but allowed him by steady degrees to overtake the leader. When he drew alongside the favourite began to compound. At the last fence, when he had established an ascendancy, Patsey V as nearly as could be came down. However, he scrambled over and went on to outstay the other and win quite meritoriously.

A lot of people had backed him, and Robert Gore, who had finished off the training of the horse, had declared that this good old hunter would win if he and his rider did not part company. A few years ago he cost very little money at Tattersalls, and found his way into the yard of a veterinary surgeon at Croydon and so into the possession of Mr. Lemon. I daresay the latter has had many a grand hunt with him with several of the Sussex packs, and season after season he has been collecting honours at the Hunt point-to-points until Patsey V came to be a well known horse throughout the countryside of the county. I believe, either for the Southdown or the Eridge point-to-points, he once beat Daisy Cutter, who has won quite a number of open steeplechases.

It is hard to understand why Conjuror II should have been beaten for the Cheltenham Gold Cup of three and a quarter miles. As they came to the last fence, Mr. Harry Brown, who was riding, began to close up with him, but evidently he could not go on with the two leaders, Red Splash and Gerald L., when they

drew away, with the issue apparently resting between them. People were still watching them as they climbed the hill to the finish. They saw Gerald L. tiring, and the young chestnut horse, with Fred Rees riding, sticking to the advantage which he had claimed practically throughout the race. Then, to the astonishment of onlookers, Conjuror II came charging on to the scene, and so rapidly did he overtake the two tired horses in front that it was only by a head that he was defeated.

One's first impulse was to blame Mr. Brown for not challenging sooner, though, perhaps, Conjuror II had not taken it into his head to go; but even allowing for the fact that the two leaders were very tired and, therefore, slowing down, the Grand National horse did show splendid stamina which is a quality so vastly important at Liverpool next week. So far as he was concerned the trial was a highly satisfactory one. He got so very near to winning as to make one regret that he did not actually claim the honours. For Red Splash it can be said that in beating these good old horses on terms which compared ill, had the race been a handicap, he accomplished something right out of the ordinary. It stamps him as a high-class 'chaser with a bright future, all going well with him. He belongs to Major H. Wyndham and is trained by Mr. Fred Withington, who, I fancy, bred him. He certainly had the sire, Copper Ore. Red Splash,



W. A. Rouch.

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PATSEY V, WINNER OF THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE.

therefore, is in good hands. It is possible that we may see him again in public for the Champion Steeplechase at Aintree at the end of next week.

After the excellent impression made by Fly Mask at Lingfield Park, where he beat Phaco, it was disastrous to see him fall when competing for the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase of £1,000. I am afraid he had only himself to blame for the lapse, though I do not agree that the light boy, Moylan, with the very short stirrup he adopts, is suited to a horse that seems to want a lot of pulling together at his fences. The combination will not do at Aintree, and, after what I saw at Cheltenham I do not think they will go far. Vault, who won this race with Rees in the saddle, is not engaged in the Grand National, which disposes of him for the time being. I do not see how Gerald L. is to turn the tables on Conjuror II. He meets him on vastly worse terms, and I feel sure that Music Hall is a thing of the past, so to say. He can have no earthly chance with 12st. 7lb. on his back.

Shaun Spadah doubtless lost some admirers because of the fact that he appeared to be tailed off in that three and a half mile steeplechase at Hurst Park last Saturday, for which Winnal, who came in first, was disqualified in favour of Jimmu. I do not, however, take that form of Shaun Spadah too seriously. All I know is that he jumped in the right way, and we know

that he is essentially a horse for the job at Liverpool, though I would like his chance rather more had he 10lb. less to carry! It is doubtless much against Silvo that his usual jockey, "Tony" Escot, broke a collar-bone at Hurst Park last week-end and so will not be able to take the ride on this much fancied horse. At the time of writing I have not heard who will deputise for him. Hogan, jun., is now fixed for Sergeant Murphy. The gallant old horse will surely perform honourably, though I cannot make out why he has not been given some sort of a race in public during the past season. It is just as well to remind even old 'uns of what is expected of them.

Old Tay Bridge has the appearance of being over-weighted, but he jumped all right at Cheltenham without, however, showing much speed between the fences. Alcazar may be reserved for the Champion Chase, but Eureka II has some solid pretensions, especially since Aubrey Hastings found it impossible to give a proper preparation to Super Man, the horse he so narrowly beat at Gatwick. Fly Mask I have dealt with; Arravale will never win a "National"; and Taffytus may not only be too slow, but I much doubt whether he really stays, even though he was once placed. There was an element of fluking about the success of Auchinrossie over Clashing Arms at Lingfield Park and I discard her. Year after year we see the proved performers doing the right thing as a rule in the Grand National, and it is why I feel convinced that the winner will come from the "old guard," namely, Conjuror II, Shaun Spadah and Sergeant Murphy. I recognise, however, that from time to time new blood must assert itself, and there surely never was a better opportunity than now, for which reason I give a very considerable chance to Silvo, in addition to the trio named.

The Lincolnshire Handicap is set for Wednesday next, the third day of the new flat racing season. To those who have seen

a good many "Lincolnshires," the new season has appeared to come with almost uncanny suddenness. It seems only the other day, as it were, that the closing day at Manchester had to be abandoned through fog and frost. If the French folk thought they had a great chance of winning our last Cambridgeshire with Epinard, they are equally sure that they will win the race on Wednesday next with their candidate, Sir Gallahad III. They argue that here is a class horse in the race with the weight of a moderate handicapper, and most others squeezed down among the light weights because of the fact that Epinard had to be provided for, even though on the 10st. mark. My own view for a long time past has been that they are only a moderate lot, and that, if Sir Gallahad III is half what they claim for him, he will win. At the time of writing he is reported as having arrived safely in this country, and being remarkably well.

Condoever, 8st. 9lb., appears to be much expected to prove the best of the defending English horses. This horse has not won many races in his time, but he has the Coronation Cup at Epsom to his credit and he made a prominent show when just beaten for the Jubilee Stakes last year when, too, I thought the field was a particularly good one. I believe he is sure to beat such as Evander. Morestel appears to be better fancied by her trainer than Jarvie whom he also trains. That is perplexing, since Jarvie's form in the Cambridgeshire will bear a deal of scrutiny. Such, however, is the situation. I do not much care about Sovol; Westmead does not get a good word from me; and on the whole I see every prospect of the French continuing their successful raids on our important races. They were much encouraged by the successes last year of Epinard and Rose Prince, and should Sir Gallahad III fulfil expectations then we really shall have to take our friends from the other side of the Channel more seriously than ever in the past.

PHILIPPOS.

A SPRING DAY AT SANDWICH

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I HAVE not for many years now looked inside the pages of my old friend the "Gradus ad Parnassum," but I know that were I to do so and look up Spring the first thing to greet me would be this cheerful line: "Ver redit exultans; ver rursus amabile ridet." It came suddenly into my head last Saturday morning as I was bowling along the road by the sea that leads to Prince's, Sandwich. I felt thoroughly exultant, and the scene smiled on me in the most lovable possible manner. The sea was like a mill-pond with only the lightest, stillest fringe of foam, and the cliffs on the far side of Pegwell Bay glittered white through the haze. The last time I had played by the sea had been on a bleak January day, and the first real spring day's golf on a seaside course is an event to make a much more lethargic pulse than mine beat the faster.

It was curious to see the course looking a little yellow rather than green. There had been weeks of drying east wind and the new grass had not yet begun to grow. Yet the course was, on the whole, wonderfully good, with a reasonable but not abnormal run on the ball, and the greens quite fast without being slippery or frightening.

I frankly confess—and I imagine that most ordinary drivers would agree with me—that I like Prince's best when there is but a light air of wind. When it blows too hard our seconds get caught in the bunkers which they are meant to carry, and we are robbed of some supreme pleasures, such as going for the carry over the big hill at the eighth with our brassy shots. In short, the golf then becomes just too good for us. But in still weather there is nothing that we cannot do if we really hit the ball. We can get up—only just, but still we can do it—at that eighth: we can likewise get up at the eighteenth, and we can take a reasonably bold line at those fine diagonal tee shots at the seventh and the ninth and the eleventh. As to the sixth, that most beautiful of valley holes, it becomes comparatively easy, for it is something of a "gathering" hole: the kindly hills make straight the crooked tee shots and direct the erring ball towards the flag.

But Prince's, as a whole, can never be easy for anybody who is not a long driver. He is always kept on the stretch. There are but few holes that are for him of the length which he may profess to deride but secretly enjoys—"a drive and a pitch." If he is driving what is for him well, he will often get up with a strong iron for his second. If he is driving a little short of well he will have to take brassies and spoons, and then he probably will not get up at all, because the ball lies close and he will often be standing either above or below it. Again, there are but three legitimate chances of his getting threes to reduce the ever swelling number of fives, and none of these three short holes are easy. The third green is so beset with bunkers that he feels as if he must have a mine-sweeper or a traction engine to go before him and

take some of them out of the way, if his ball is to have any reasonable chance of staying on the grass. The fifth wants something so like a full bang that it is hardly a short hole at all; and the fourteenth, a really beautiful hole, is very closely guarded and has some subtle influence which makes everybody hook.

Having given my own point of view of the terrors of Prince's, I will now give somebody else's. I had been playing with probably the finest amateur golfer of the present day, and he surprised me by saying that, while he loved the course, he was much more terrified by St. George's. I can understand that the holes at Prince's which frighten me do not frighten him, because he can reach the greens with high stopping shots played with a lofted iron club, while I am toiling with wood and uttering unmanly complaints of the ball lying close; but I was curious to know which holes frightened him at St. George's. He explained that they were the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth, because, he said, if you have gone out reasonably well you must do all those four holes in fours or you are done for, and it is a very difficult thing to do. From a medal-playing point of view this is no doubt true. Those four holes are extraordinarily crucial, just as are four holes at Hoylake after turning home from West Kirby. If you can get a four at the Punchbowl, a four at the tenth, a three at the Alps and a four at the Hilbre, then you are well on your homeward way; but if fives creep in there, with the Field and the Lake and the Dun—three fives running—to follow, then life seems a very black business. I quote my eminent friend's remark to show how different courses strike different minds and different classes of players. Certainly the tenth at St. George's is fraught with infinite chances of those eights which Tom Vardon used to say he hated; but the eleventh and twelfth I have always regarded as rather pleasant oases, whereat the "weary way-worn wanderer" might rest himself a little.

A second friend, a distinctly less eminent player, then joined in the discussion and declared that the hole at St. George's which caused him the acutest terror was the fifth. He, however, was at once severely snubbed by a third, who said that there was nothing to do at that hole but hit a high "wallop" with a mashie over a hill, and if you were frightened of that you would be frightened of anything.

Finally, I said that I was not sure which was the most frightening hole at St. George's now, but that I was quite sure which used to be. This was the fourteenth or Suez Canal hole, played with a gutty from the "St. George's" tee, with a strong adverse wind coming from left to right and a low evening sun in your eyes. I said it in a bombastic manner, chiefly to try to impress a player of the rubber-cored age with the unknown horrors which his predecessors had to face, but I think, for all that, I spoke the truth: it was a combination of appalling circumstances such as scarcely any other hole could produce.

THE BEST SAXIFRAGES

THE saxifrage or rockfoil family is a very large one, consisting of over three hundred species, with innumerable varieties and hybrids. It is far and away the most valuable genus of plants that we have for use in the rock garden, while some of those larger members of the Megasea section are useful in the border or wild garden. There are so many different and beautiful kinds, and they vary in habit to so great an extent that such extreme species as the diminutive *S. cæsia*, with its tiny rosettes of leaves and corresponding sprays of flowers, and the Californian giant *S. peltata*, would appear, at first sight, to have little in common. This beautiful family embraces plants suitable for all positions, from a hot, sunny ledge or rocky crevice to a cool shady bank. Others delight to have their roots among stones near water, and several species make delightful bog plants.

As a whole, the rockfoils are easy to grow, and only need to be planted in suitable situations according to the requirements of the different sections. A good general guide for planting is:



THE CHARMING YELLOW FLOWERS OF SAXIFRAGA BOYDII



AMONG THE MOST PLEASANT OF THE ENCRUSTED SAXIFRAGES, *S. LINGULATA*.

mainly sun for those species with hard, encrusted and leathery leaves, although there are a few exceptions; and shade or half-shade for those of the mossy or soft-leaved section. Many of the latter form lovely carpets or mounds of emerald green foliage, very beautiful in winter, and covered in spring and summer with masses of white to rosy pink flowers.

During the past few years the hybridist has been busy among these plants, and many fine varieties have been raised of various degrees of excellence, but some of the taller of the mossy kinds are of a weedy character with flowers of a washed-out appearance as regards colour. The charm of the mossy kinds lies in their neat and tufted appearance, with flowers in proportion, on stems that hold themselves erect.

The genus is generally divided into fifteen sections, of which the principal are the Aizoon or encrusted saxifrages; Kabschia, or cushion saxifrages; mossy saxifrages; Megasea, or giant rockfoils; and Engleria, or red-flowering saxifrages. There are several other sections which contain plants of garden value in addition to those enumerated above.

The flowering of the various members of the family commences with Burser's Saxifrage, *S. Burseriana*, in January, followed by others of this section through February and March, and may be said to attain its greatest development in early June, when many of the encrusted kinds are in flower. Others keep up the display of flower till the late autumn, when Fortune's saxifrage from Japan and China comes into bloom, often to be cut down by the early frosts.

Dealing first with the early-flowering or Kabschia section, we have many beautiful little plants, all low-growing kinds, forming grey or green tufts of rosettes, the leaves of which are either narrow or pointed as in *S. Burseriana*, or blunt as in *S. marginata*. The flowers are borne either singly or in loose heads of four to six on stems only an inch or two high. Of the white-flowering kinds, *S. Burseriana* and its varieties *Gloria* and *crenata* easily come first, other good plants being *apiculata alba*, *Jenkinsii*, *marginata*, *Obristii*, *Petraschii*, *Rocheliana* and *Sundermanni*. With yellow flowers there are *apiculata*, *Boydii*, *Borisii*, *Faldonside*, *Ferdinandi-Coburgi*, *Haagei* and *Paulinae*. All these are rock-loving plants found growing in the crevices of rocky cliffs or ledges, and if they are to be grown successfully in



THE BEAUTIFUL *S. OPPOSITIFOLIA* WHICH USUALLY SUCCEEDS BEST ON THE MORAINÉ.

this country, this fact must be taken into consideration in planting. When preparing a place for these kinds the soil should be taken out to a depth of one foot or more. In the bottom put in good-sized lumps of limestone, broken bricks, or mortar rubbish; then on top of this put a layer of turfy soil, after which fill up to within 3 ins. of the top with a mixture of loam, leaf-soil, and plenty of rubble to keep it open. For the top part a finer mixture of the same may be used with a greater proportion of grit, broken limestone or powdered bricks. In planting, the plants should be fixed in very firmly, pressing the soil well about the roots.

Next to come into bloom are those of the mossy kinds, of which the best known is *S. cæspitosa*. This plant is a native of the Northern and Arctic regions, and is very variable in habit. One of the most marked varieties is var. *hirta*, with very hairy foliage. The wild plant has white flowers, the red colour seen in the newer forms of *S. cæspitosa* being due to the influence of *S. muscoides* var. *atropurpurea*, a charming little plant with bright red flowers. One of the first hybrids was Guildford Seedling, a very dwarf carpeting plant with bright crimson flowers. Another hybrid, *S. Clibrani*, is of stronger habit, with red flowers; while *S. bathoniensis* grows nearly 1 ft. high, with much-branched stems, and has large brilliant red flowers. *S. sanguinea superba* is of neat habit, with ruby scarlet flowers that retain their colour well, especially in half-shade. Others of this set worth growing are the Dovedale Moss (*S. hypnoides*), with its emerald green carpet, which in winter is one of the attractions in the rock garden, clothing otherwise bare places with a permanent mat of beautiful green. The white flowers appear in profusion in spring and early summer. *S. muscoides* is a dwarf, dense, carpeting kind with yellowish flowers in the type, forming a moss-like turf. *S. m.* var. *atropurpurea* has bright red flowers. *S. trifurcata* is an elegant species from Northern Spain, forming a carpet of rosettes with three parted leaves that are stiffer in texture than most in this section. The pure white flowers are borne on stems two or three inches high, in graceful sprays. One of the most useful is *S. Wallacei*, with distinct foliage of a light green colour and large white flowers that are sweetly scented. For spring bedding or for borders, it is a very attractive plant, producing flowers freely and lasting a long time in perfection. All the members of this set grow well in light, rich and well drained soils. They prefer half-shady situations, where the sun does not burn their foliage.

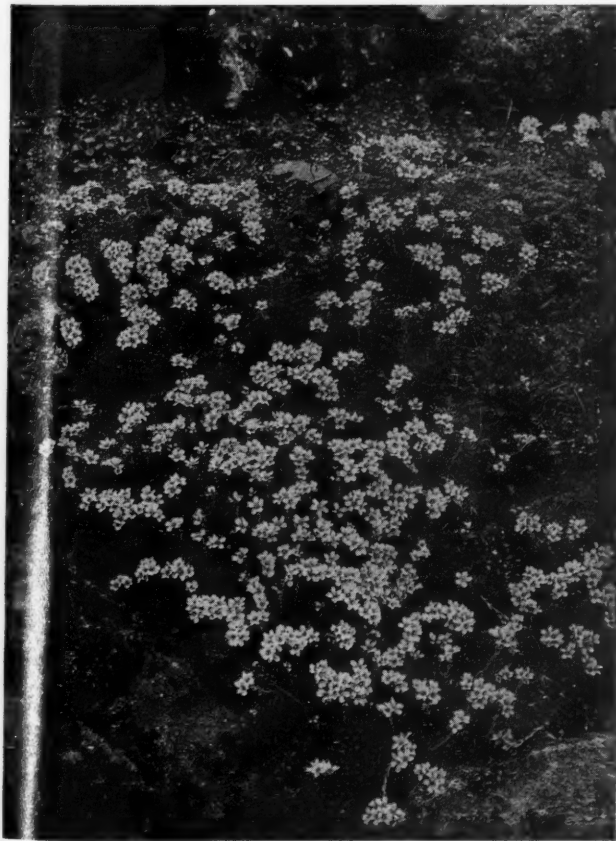
During the month of June the members of the encrusted section of this family attain their greatest development and form one of the most effective displays in the rock garden when planted in bold groups. There are many kinds of great merit which may be considered among the easiest of plants to grow, provided they are planted firmly among plenty of stones to ensure thorough drainage. On old walls they may be planted to great



SAXIFRAGA HAAGEI, A HYBRID WITH DEEP YELLOW FLOWERS.

advantage, especially where the wall is backed with soil and the stones or bricks are loosely put together without mortar. Here the rosettes may be inserted between the stones when in a small state, and soon make respectable tufts that flower freely. Fissures in large masses of rock may also be utilised for planting encrusted saxifrages, plants like *S. cochlearis* forming a silvery cushion from which are produced the light panicles of pure white flowers. Even when not in flower the large rosettes of silver-edged leaves are most ornamental, especially those of *S. longifolia*, which often attain a diameter of nearly 1 ft. before flowering. One of the most characteristic of this group is *S. catalaunica* from the Pyrenees, with rosettes of recurved leaves, having a broad silver margin, giving it a most distinct and handsome appearance. *S. cochlearis* may be described as one of the neatest and prettiest, with small rosettes of silvery spoon-shaped leaves, packed closely together and forming a dense mass. The flowers are produced in light and graceful sprays through the early summer months. It is a native of Southern Europe and grows well in sunny positions planted in limestone soils. Var. *minor* is a dainty little plant; while var. *Alberti* is much larger than the type. *S. Cotyledon* is found on the mountain ranges of Europe from the Pyrenees to Lapland. It is easily known by its broad strap-shaped leaves and long pyramids of white flowers. These vary a good deal in size, some attaining a height of 3 ins. or more, produced from rosettes over 1 ft. in diameter. The largest form is var. *icelandica*, which assumes large proportions in favourable situations. *S. Hostii* is a free-growing plant, with rosettes of strap-shaped leaves and somewhat flat-topped panicles of white flowers spotted with pink. One of the glories of the Maritime Alps is *S. lingulata* and its varieties. They are beautiful plants, with compact silvery rosettes and arching panicles of white flowers, crowded in some forms (especially var. *lantoscana*), mostly on the upper side. The largest form is var. *australis* from the Italian Alps, with long sprays of white flowers. The Pyrenean *S. longifolia* is, probably the most striking member of this group, either as a large silver-edged rosette of leaves, or when it is lengthened out into its handsome pyramid of white flowers. Confined entirely to the Pyrenees, it grows in the crevices of perpendicular rocks, sending out horizontally its beautiful cone-shaped panicle 2 ft. or more in length. The rosettes are often several years before they attain flowering size, after which the plants die. Others of this set are the miniature *S. caesia* from the Alps and Pyrenees, with white sprays 2 ins. high, and *S. diapensioides*, with dense cylindrical rosettes, and flowers just above the foliage.

From the European Alps and the Pyrenees there have been obtained a few interesting members of this genus with encrusted leaves and red flowers, forming a section known as *Engleria*. Red flowers are not uncommon in this genus; they are to be



SAXIFRAGA APICULATA, THE MOST FREE FLOWERING OF ITS RACE.

found in the *oppositifolia* group, among others. These few species, however, combine encrusted foliage and red flowers. The most interesting kind is *S. Grisebachii*, a native of Macedonia, with silvery leaves which are produced in handsome rosettes. The flower stalks attain to a height of 6ins. or more when fully developed, bearing at the top a nodding inflorescence of purplish crimson flowers. *S. Stribrnyi* has a more branching inflorescence the whole covered with glandular hairs more or less tinged with red. *S. media* is the Pyrenean species, and from this and others have been obtained many interesting hybrids.

The giant saxifrages of our gardens are known by their massive size and breadth of foliage. Most of them are strikingly beautiful when in flower in early spring. They are better known as *Megasea*, and are excellent plants for large groups in the border, or for planting in the wild garden or front of the shrubbery border. One of the best is *S. crassifolia*, with large clusters of almond-tinted blossoms that are sweetly scented. Another fine variety is *S. cordifolia*, which bears its pendulous bell-shaped flowers on vivid red stalks 18ins. to 2ft. in height, in May, the

individual blossoms being darker in colour than in the above. Other fine species are *S. ligulata*, with pink flowers, very early; and a variety of this called *speciosa*, with rose-coloured flowers; *S. Stracheyi*, with white flowers; and *S. purpurascens*, from the Himalaya, with rich rosy purple flowers. Numerous hybrids have been raised among the members of this group, many very handsome and richly-coloured.

The last to flower are *S. Fortunei* and *S. cortusaeifolia*, both natives of China and Japan. They are characterised by their tufts of rounded, lobed leaves and white flowers which have unequal petals, two long and two short ones. Although hardy in a somewhat sheltered and shady position, they are seen to best advantage when grown in a cold frame.

Many beautiful hybrids in all sections have been produced, some of great merit, others no advance on the parents; while one should not forget the beautiful *S. oppositifolia*, with its sheets of rosy purple flowers in spring, and the well known London Pride, *S. umbrosa*, an ornament in many cottage gardens.

W. IRVING.

CORRESPONDENCE

MINOR CANON ROW, ROCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your second article on Rochester you give views of some old houses which you call "Canon's Row." Their correct name is "Minor Canon Row." They were built for the minor canons, then six in number, about 1721, and a seventh was added in 1735 for the organist. Some of them are occupied by the present minor canons, and the rest let to tenants. The house next to the priory gate, shown in your view, was for many years occupied by the late Miss M. A. Drage, a lady highly respected by all "Roffensians," as the inhabitants of the city should be styled. She was the daughter of a former minor canon and Vicar of St. Margaret's, Rochester, and was born, lived and died (aged eighty nine) in the same house. Minor Canon Row is mentioned by Dickens in "Edwin Drood" as "Minor Canon Corner," and the "Nuns' House" in the same story is Eastgate House, now a museum.—OLIM ROFFENSIS.

A PLEA FOR MARY HOWETT.

TO THE EDITOR.

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found in the *oppositifolia* group, among others. These few species, however, combine encrusted foliage and red flowers. The most interesting kind is *S. Grisebachii*, a native of Macedonia, with silvery leaves which are produced in handsome rosettes. The flower stalks attain to a height of 6 ins. or more when fully developed, bearing at the top a nodding inflorescence of purplish crimson flowers. *S. Stribnyi* has a more branching inflorescence the whole covered with glandular hairs more or less tinged with red. *S. media* is the Pyrenean species, and from this and others have been obtained many interesting hybrids.

The giant saxifrages of our gardens are known by their massive size and breadth of foliage. Most of them are strikingly beautiful when in flower in early spring. They are better known as *Megasea*, and are excellent plants for large groups in the border, or for planting in the wild garden or front of the shrubbery border. One of the best is *S. crassifolia*, with large clusters of almond-tinted blossoms that are sweetly scented. Another fine variety is *S. cordifolia*, which bears its pendulous bell-shaped flowers on vivid red stalks 18 ins. to 2 ft. in height, in May, the

individual blossoms being darker in colour than in the above. Other fine species are *S. ligulata*, with pink flowers, very early; and a variety of this called *speciosa*, with rose-coloured flowers; *S. Stracheyi*, with white flowers; and *S. purpurascens*, from the Himalaya, with rich rosy purple flowers. Numerous hybrids have been raised among the members of this group, many very handsome and richly-coloured.

The last to flower are *S. Fortunei* and *S. cortusæfolia*, both natives of China and Japan. They are characterised by their tufts of rounded, lobed leaves and white flowers which have unequal petals, two long and two short ones. Although hardy in a somewhat sheltered and shady position, they are seen to best advantage when grown in a cold frame.

Many beautiful hybrids in all sections have been produced, some of great merit, others no advance on the parents; while one should not forget the beautiful *S. oppositifolia*, with its sheets of rosy purple flowers in spring, and the well known London Pride, *S. umbrosa*, an ornament in many cottage gardens.

W. IRVING.

CORRESPONDENCE

MINOR CANON ROW, ROCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your second article on Rochester you give views of some old houses which you call "Canon's Row." Their correct name is "Minor Canon Row." They were built for the minor canons, then six in number, about 1721, and a seventh was added in 1735 for the organist. Some of them are occupied by the present minor canons, and the rest let to tenants. The house next to the priory gate, shown in your view, was for many years occupied by the late Miss M. A. Drage, a lady highly respected by all "Roffensians," as the inhabitants of the city should be styled. She was the daughter of a former minor canon and Vicar of St. Margaret's, Rochester, and was born, lived and died (aged eighty nine) in the same house. Minor Canon Row is mentioned by Dickens in "Edwin Drood" as "Minor Canon Corner," and the "Nuns' House" in the same story is Eastgate House, now a museum.—OLIM ROFFENSIS.

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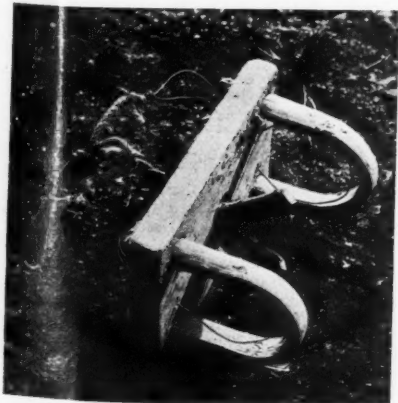
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THE ESTATE MARKET BREAK-UP AUCTIONS

THE break-up of large landed estates has been going on during the last few days, further progress being made with the realisation of the remaining portions of the Lathom estates at Ormskirk, and the sale for £97,632 of a very large acreage in Derbyshire and Cheshire, on behalf of Captain Arkwright, being also carried out by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The total runs well into six figures.

Sir Eric Geddes has sold his town house, No. 12A, Manchester Square, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, whose town transactions include also the sale of No. 10, Great Stanhope Street, a freehold.

Major J. J. Hulse has instructed the firm to sell Lavendon Grange, Buckinghamshire, an estate of 300 acres in the centre of the Oakley Hunt. The house, partly of late Tudor origin, is close to the site of Lavendon Abbey, the old stew ponds of which are seen there.

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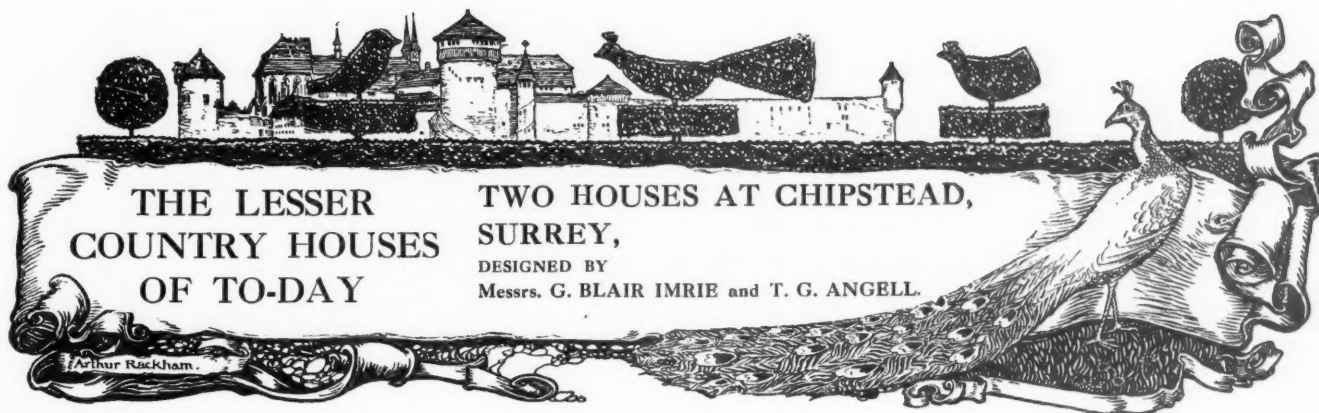
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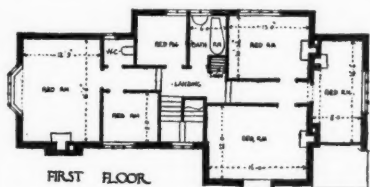
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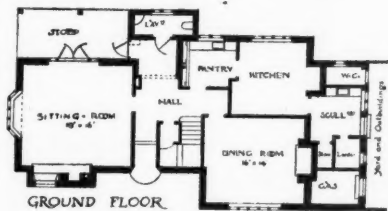
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THE ESTATE MARKET BREAK-UP AUCTIONS

THE break-up of large landed estates has been going on during the last few days, further progress being made with the realisation of the remaining portions of the Lathom estates at Ormskirk, and the sale for £97,632 of a very large acreage in Derbyshire and Cheshire, on behalf of Captain Arkwright, being also carried out by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The total runs well into six figures.

Sir Eric Geddes has sold his town house, No. 12A, Manchester Square, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, whose town transactions include also the sale of No. 10, Great Stanhope Street, a freehold.

Major J. J. Hulse has instructed the firm to sell Lavendon Grange, Buckinghamshire, an estate of 300 acres in the centre of the Oakley Hunt. The house, partly of late Tudor origin, is close to the site of Lavendon Abbey, the old stew ponds of which are seen there.

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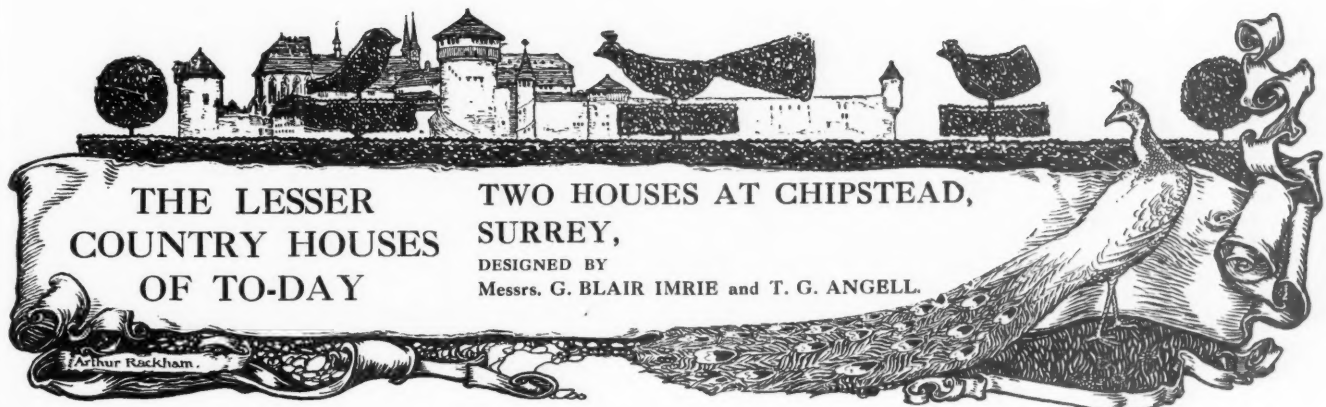
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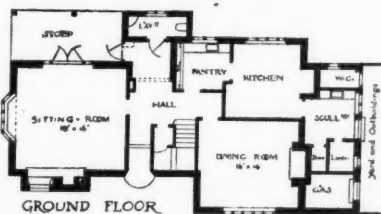
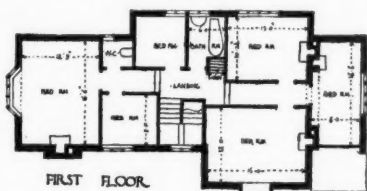
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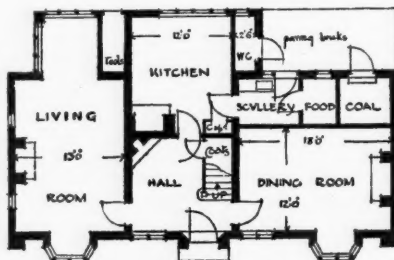
Well Cottage occupies a flat site. Its principal interest is in the simplicity of its form and in its mellow colour, which the accompanying reproduction necessarily lacks. You come upon it through an opening in a tall box hedge, with a screen of trees on the left; and extremely pleasant is the effect of this south front with the sun on it. The tile-hanging is of old silver-grey Cambridgeshire tiles which, in addition to their admirable weather-resisting qualities, make a charming piece of colour in company with the white-washed brickwork on the ground-floor storey. Looking at this front one wonders how the interior is devised. The plan explains the arrangement. The two little bay projections are to the dining-room and living-room respectively, while the two windows in the tile-hanging above are those of the two central bedrooms. There are four bedrooms on the first floor, the two end ones being lighted from the east and west respectively. The roof of the house is treated on the front as an unbroken expanse—of old red tiling. In the illustration (owing to the confined view-point) it has a somewhat drawn-out look, but in reality this is not so, the roof, like the whole front of the house, being very satisfying. With such an expanse of tiling on roof and house-face, good texture and varying tone are essential to success. These qualities the old tiles possess.

Both these houses have a homely English air which is captivating, and it is especially because they come as a variant to the neo-Georgian that they are here illustrated.

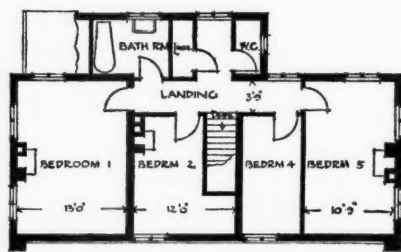
R. R. P.



WELL COTTAGE: ENTRANCE FRONT



Ground-floor Plan.



First-floor Plan.

FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

BOOKS RECEIVED.

IN QUEST OF EL DORADO, by Stephen Graham (Macmillan, 12s.). See review, page 445.

ENGLISH POTTERY, by Bernard Rackham and Herbert Read (Benn, 6s.). A fine volume very fully illustrated, dealing with the whole range of ceramics in this country.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF CHILDREN'S COSTUME FROM THE GREAT MASTERS, by Percy Macquoid (The Medici Society, 15s.). Attractive both for its historical interest and for the charm of its subject. Illustrated with plates in colour.

SOCIAL LIFE IN STUART ENGLAND, by Mary Coate, M.A. (Methuen, 6s.). "Brief essays" informed by research into letters and other literature on all aspects, from the land to the Court, beggars to newspapers. Has an admirable bibliography.

EUROPEAN BANKRUPTCY AND EMIGRATION, by Helmer Key (Methuen, 6s.). To the editor of the *Svenska Dagbladet*, the only hope for bankrupt Europe is to drop reparations and create new markets by wholesale emigration. A thoughtful and clear little book.

MASTERS OF ARCHITECTURE: Vanbrugh, by Christian Barman (Benn, 10s. 6d.). Another volume in this series. The price of these little books is somewhat excessive, for though the photographs are good, the two dozen pages of letterpress seem inadequate. But what there is, is good.

THE EVOLUTION OF ENGINEERING INSTITUTIONS, by E. Fiander Etchells (Inst. of Struct., Eng., 1s.). Engineering may be the architecture of the future, so its collateral descent with architecture must be proved. An interesting pamphlet, going back to earliest times.

SHELLEY, by John W. Klein (Daniel, 6s.). In the "Plays for a People's Theatre" series.

TORQUENADA AND THE SPANISH INQUISITION, by Rafael Sabatini (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.). A long but very readable history of this dark page in the annals of Christianity.

LOVE LETTERS OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN, by C. H. Charles Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.). Victor Hugo, Goethe, Keats, Dickens, Ninon l'Enclos, Louise, Queen of Prussia, Charlotte Carpenter are a few among the many lovers represented.

MY CRYSTAL BALL, by Elisabeth Marbury (Hurst and Blackett, 18s.). Frank and interesting reminiscence.

GOLF RULES AND DECISIONS, by F. S. Shenstone (Methuen, 3s. 6d.). A very useful compilation, bringing rules and decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee together in a fashion which will enable the plain man to elucidate many a problem for himself.

THE STAGE FAVOURITES' COOK BOOK, by Elizabeth Craig (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). Four hundred recipes, each signed, in facsimile, with the name of a British, Continental or American actress.

VIVARIUM AND AQUARIUM KEEPING FOR AMATEURS, by A. E. Hodge, F.Z.S. (Witherby, 5s.). A useful and not too ambitious manual.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A TURF CROOK, edited by A. Cathal Bellingham (Philip Allan, 5s.). A peep behind certain scenes which will interest lovers of the rogue and his roguery.

FICTION.

UNDREAM'D OF SHORES, by Frank Harris (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.). As might be expected, a very outstanding book of short stories.

GEORGIAN STORIES, 1924 (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.). The second volume of the series, which is one of the most marked expressions of the present-day interest in this form of fiction.

THE ORDEAL OF JULIA BRISTOWE, by Peter Warren (Bell, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Warren has chosen quite an uncommon motif for his book and written it attractively.

THE DRIVER, by Gareth Garrett (Constable, 7s. 6d.). The fortunes of the Great Midwestern Railway and a love story are allied to create an exciting tale.

ALMIGHTY GOLD, by J. J. Connington (Constable, 7s. 6d.). A story of adventures in finance by the author of "Nordenholt's Millions."

GREAT GIFTS, by Anne Darnay (Collins, 7s. 6d.). A story of altruistic ambition of young love and poverty; very well written.

SAYONARA, by John Paris (Collins, 7s. 6d.). The hero has a mission to the Japanese and marries a Japanese wife with the best intentions, but sinks into degradation, from which he is finally rescued by a very unlikely instrument.

THE BIG HEART, by John G. Brandon (Methuen, 3s. 6d.). Crime, adventure and love.

THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). The author of Tarzan finds his heroine in the famous American film city.

MR. BAMBRIDGE'S PIANO, by Karlott Blossé (Stockwell, 3s.). Short stories.

IRISH TALES OF LOVE AND BEAUTY, by Josephine Ransom (Stockwell, 3s.).

PAQUITA, THE PEARL, by Geo. W. Wallis (Stockwell, 2s. 6d.). A story of the Southern Seas, sixty-seven pages.

THE JUSTICE OF THE DUKE, by Rafael Sabatini (Stanley Paul, 3s. 6d.). The fifth edition of this popular story.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, by Arthur Conan Doyle (Murray, 2s.). A new edition in a handy size at a low price.

THE TREASURE OF GOLDEN CAP, by Bennet Copplestone (Murray, 2s.). A cheap edition of this entertaining tale.

VERSE.

FLEETING FOLLIES, by Michael A. Lewis (Allen and Unwin, 2s.).

LONGINGS AND OTHER POEMS, by Norah Elaine Rae (Stockwell, 3s.).

EASTERN DREAMS, by Gwendoline Goodwin (Stockwell, 2s. 6d.).

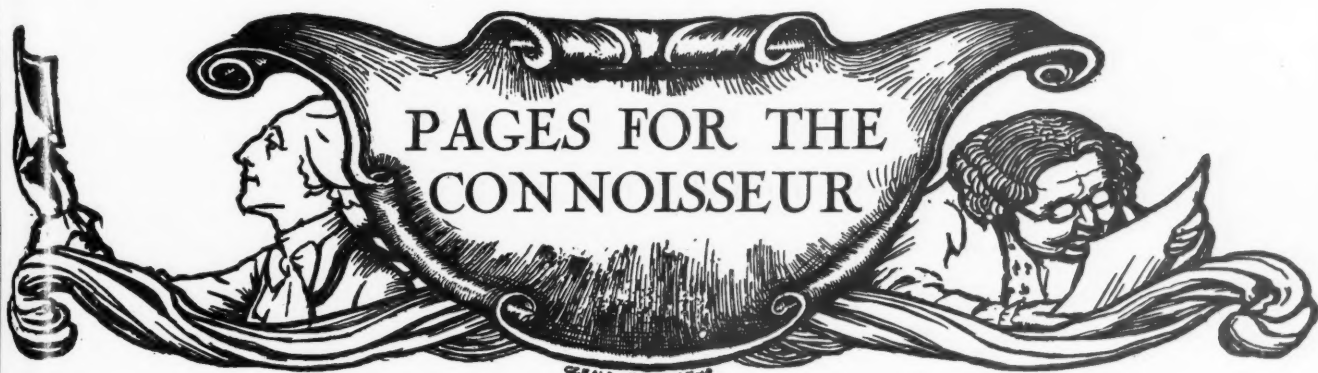
PERIODICALS.

THE TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW, No. 3, March, 1924, edited by F. M. Ford (Duckworth, 2s.).

NATURE, March 8th, 1924 (Macmillan, 1s.).

Nightcaps, by E. B. Osborn. (G. Bell, 7s. 6d.)

A WELL known dramatic critic confessed the other day that his favourite bed-books are "Eliza's Husband," by Barry Pain; "The Diary of a Nobody," by the Grossmiths; and Rabelais. Mr. Osborn would not despise him, but in compiling this little collection of passages suitable for reading in bed he has, for the most part, followed a more severe tendency. "My own experience," he writes, "is that the divine melancholy of such a prose masterpiece as Malory's story of the parting and passing of Launcelot and Guenevere makes for healthy and holy sleep, since it sets the soul above the small, fretting cares of the day's business." Sir Thomas Browne, Young (of the "Night Thoughts"), Sir Thomas à Kempis, Bacon, Malory and Robert Burton are all well represented, and as a concession to those who, while fond of "healthy and holy sleep," have a secret yearning for Barry Pain, there are epigrams and extracts from the light writers of other days.



A FIGURE OF BUDDHA AMIDA

BY LEIGH ASHTON.

WE are only just beginning to understand Chinese art, to realise the heights to which it attained, and it is yet only the province of a minority. Twenty years ago the general opinion on the arts of that great country was still that of Dr. Johnson, who crushed Boswell's defence of the nation with the words, "Sir, they have pottery." And even now for many it is the "princesse du pays de la porcelaine" that rules the domain of Chinese interests. But the pioneers of the crusade in favour of the grandeur of the achievements of the Middle Kingdom had commenced their work a quarter of a century or so ago, and there are now many who would take up arms against those who might maintain, with the editor of "The Pleasing History," published in 1761, the dictum that "a littleness and poverty of genius in almost all the works of taste of the Chinese—perhaps their taste in gardening should be excepted—must be acknowledged by capable judges." The taste of the Chinese grows in popularity every day, and it is a pleasurable fact that it is the more simple essentials of early Chinese art that are increasing in favour and the superficial attractions of the later decorative art that are losing ground. There is much truth in what Goldsmith said, though his aphorisms were probably the outcome of the fantastic sentiment of the "élégances de Chine" so popular in his time: "The Chinese and we are pretty much alike. Degrees of refinement and not of distance mark the distinctions among mankind. Tutored nations, however separate, make use of the same methods to secure refined enjoyment." Our appreciation of simplicity is a good sign. Our love of literature is another; and for many the new field of Chinese poetry, opened up for us by such able translators as Mr. Waley, is offering an insight, even if it is only a slight one, into the ideals and thoughts of the Chinese mind at the greatest periods of China's history. For it must be confessed that the Chinese alphabet is a bewildering affair, and that it is only given to very few to possess both the knowledge of the actual letters and the understanding of the literary sense as well. Most of us will feel with the great lexicographer that its many combinations of letters are indeed "more difficult from their rudeness, as there is more labour in hewing down a tree with a stone than with an axe."

The golden age of Chinese history is the T'ang period, whose emperors ruled from A.D. 618 to A.D. 906. It was an age almost unequalled in the world's history for refinement and luxury among the nobility, for comfort and contentment among the poorer classes. The actual Empire stretched almost to the Mediterranean, the wealth and fame of the Imperial Court attracted the talent of all the Eastern world. Philosophers, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians thronged the palaces, where were gathered the beauty and wit of all the Celestial kingdom. All religions were tolerated, but, generally speaking, Buddhism was the most favoured creed. Buddhism had reached China some five centuries before, but the purer and more hopeless doctrine of Sakyamuni himself had never been universally popular. It was the more attractive developments of the Mahayanist form of the teaching, with its certainty of future existence and its myriad saints, that caught hold of the popular imagination. And of all the various deities worshipped during the T'ang era the most popular by far was the Buddha Amida, whose statue is here reproduced. Amida, the God of Boundless Light, rules over the Western Paradise. Here are "stately pleasure domes" set in "gardens of eternal spring," where is all that man can desire. Flowers, "azure, black, and streaked with gold, fairer than any wakened eyes behold";

fruit "stumbling on melons, as I pass, ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass"; the jewels of Barabbas' storehouse, the perfume of Cleopatra's barge, are there for the pleasure of the faithful, while all music "that pleasing is to living ears, is there consorted in one harmonie." On the sacred pools, whose "silver waters lap the golden sands," float the lotus buds, red, white and blue, in the heart of which are reborn the worshippers of the god. Eternal youth is theirs, wisdom and beauty are theirs, but love they cannot have. To that Paradise woman can only enter after the lapse of many devout existences, and then only by being reborn a man. And only such a woman could attain that perfection, one imagines, whose life had been the antithesis of that admired by the satirist Rowlands, for whom "the worst that from that sex proceeds, is naught in words and naught in deeds."



SEATED FIGURE OF BUDDHA AMIDA. T'ANG DYNASTY. Height 4ft. 2ins.
Acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum and the National Art Collections Fund.

Over this Paradise rules Amida, timeless, meditative, incorporeal, whose image, here represented, has been recently purchased by the Victoria and Albert Museum, with the assistance of the National Art Collections Fund and a small body of friends. It is carved from a single block of dark grey limestone, and faint traces of colouring over a coat of gesso still remain, in particular on the halo. This colouring, as in the mediæval frescoes, must once have been very brilliant. For the sculptor or painter can have been no niggard with his palette. The robe was brilliant green, the sleeves lined with red. Gold covered the face, hands and feet. On the halo were employed green, red, blue and yellow. Time has dealt kindly with these pigments, which now glow dully on the surface of the stone. Often these coats of paint were renewed at later dates, but this figure was lacquered all over at some more recent epoch, and this seems to have protected the original colouring below from the restorer's hand.

The robe falls in easy lines, and there is a close connection between the modelling of the body and the garment above it. The contours of the drapery have an admirable sense of rhythm. As pure decoration, the halo is extremely lovely, the free cutting of the floral patterns and the plainer design of the inner halo being cleverly balanced. The contrast of this rather elaborate nimbus tends to concentrate the attention on the severe loveliness of the seated deity. The head of the figure, in which, like the toad, the god once wore a jewel, the jewel of his sacred birthright, is very beautiful. The rapt, meditative expression, the calm modelling of the features, all bear out the conception of one who "on honey-dew hath fed and drunk the milk of Paradise." It is in such figures as this that the art of sculpture in the early days of China attained its greatest heights. It is in images like this that great religious art finds the most satisfying outlet for the emotions of the worshipper.

A SATINWOOD COMMODE AND CHELSEA PORCELAIN CLOCK-CASE

ALTHOUGH mahogany was still in use to a great extent until the close of the eighteenth century for dining-room, bedroom and library furniture, the light golden colour and figure of satinwood and hawthorn (dyed sycamore), were in fuller favour for "dressed apartments," the drawing-room and saloon. The use of satinwood in bulk, however, had its dangers, and with their customary tact, the cabinetmakers of the Late Georgian period "reduced" it by a contrasting inlay or by painted decoration. Too much, however, of the surface was not sacrificed to colour, and the painted decoration in genuine pieces consists of small subject medallions, usually on copper sunk into the surface of the piece, or beadings, leafy trails, husks, and festoons of flowers painted directly upon the wood.

Among the furniture collected by the late Mr. Adolphe Schrager, part of which comes up for sale at Messrs. Puttick and Simons on April 4th, is some mahogany and satinwood of high quality, including a set of thirteen single and two mahogany elbow chairs, of which the splats are formed of interlaced strapwork and a semicircle carved with rosettes and acanthus. The shaped back-rail is also well carved with acanthus, the straight legs united by stretchers, and the seats covered with crimson silk damask. A mahogany fire screen is of the same period, with its column partly fluted, partly carved with foliage, resting upon three shaped legs finishing in claw and ball feet, and is mounted with a panel of Mortlake tapestry representing a vase of flowers. A Chippendale commode of serpentine form, which was exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is also interesting. It contains four drawers, and rests upon ogee-shaped bracket feet. The front angles are canted and richly carved with an acanthus leaf and drop; the drawer fronts exhibit the rich rippling figure of Cuban mahogany arranged to repeat to the best advantage; the key escutcheons and drop handles are chased and there is a brass rail gallery. The mahogany oblong folding card table, with shaped corners, fitted with a drawer, rests upon cabriole legs carved with foliage, terminating in claw and ball feet, and is mounted with a panel of contemporary needlework designed for this purpose, as it illustrates playing cards and counters.

There are some satinwood commodes and cabinets of the late eighteenth century, painted or inlaid, including a very fine commode (formerly at Ham House), of serpentine form, banded with tulipwood and resting on short, tapered feet. On the top is painted a robin and its nest, a garland of flowers and arabesques, while festoons of flowers link the handles to the escutcheon of the three centre drawers; the cupboards on either side are decorated with a large oval medallion of *putti* mounted on a pedestal and supporting groups of flowers. The cupboards are divided from the drawer portion by pilasters with gilt capitals. Also of satinwood is a *bonheur du jour*, inlaid with borders of rosewood and having a brass gallery; while the cupboards are enclosed by folding doors mounted with coloured engravings, after Angelica Kauffmann, whose work outdistanced other contemporary artists in public favour for this purpose. A pair of semicircular side tables, which are veneered with satin, rose and hawthorn, and, in addition, inlaid with patera and entwined garlands of foliage and banded with tulipwood, rest upon square tapered legs inlaid with husks; while a hawthorn commode, with shaped front, is banded with rosewood and inlaid with fan ornament and husk festoons,

A little satinwood cabinet of small drawers, which is enclosed by a pair of folding doors, painted with swags and groups of flowers and fruit, resting on a stand upon square legs with pierced corner brackets, is also a small piece of good quality, measuring about thirty-two inches wide. In the same sale there are, as well, some Wedgwood plaquettes, a pair of Chelsea candelabra for two lights, a few Battersea enamel boxes and a clock case of Chelsea porcelain, standing upon a stand of black lacquer, gilt with Chinese buildings and resting on ormolu feet. The case of the clock is of scroll outline and rimmed with gilt scrolls, the dome-shaped top painted with cupids and boy bacchanals emblematic of the four seasons in panels, while the rest of the case is decorated with gilt flower sprays on a mottled blue ground.

David Cox of a mill stream, from the Novar collection, and drawings by Prout and Copley Fielding.

Among the lacquer pieces in the possession of Mr. Basil Dighton, is a black chest of drawers upon a stand supported by S-scroll legs united by a stretcher and finishing in bun feet. It is, as is well known, unusual to find these stands in good preservation. The picturesque ornament, which is on the large scale found in early English lacquer, and which consists of detached *motifs*, birds, Chinese figures, sprays of blossom, and garden houses, decorates the sides and the drawer fronts; while the ogee-shaped frieze is enriched with arabesques and the legs, mouldings and other spaces with gilt trellis. This piece has been carefully handled, and the lock plates and handles are original.



SATINWOOD COMMODOE, LATE XVIII CENTURY, BANDED WITH TULIPWOOD AND PAINTED. FORMERLY AT HAM HOUSE.

On the top of the clock are gathered together a musical party of china figures, a nymph and a trumpeting boy on the apex, and boys with musical instruments at the angles. The sides of the case are pierced and modelled with foliage scrolls of rococo character. The movement is inscribed at the back, "F. E. J. Parsons, Londini fecit, 1755"; while the dial bears the name of a well known clock maker of the same date, Stephen Rimbault, who carried on business in Great St. Andrews Street, St. Giles, and who particularly excelled in clocks with mechanical figures dancing or working on the dials, and other complicated timekeepers.

The second portion of the late Mr. Adolph Schrager's collection, including his French and English furniture, mainly of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, comes up for sale on May 2nd.

On March 20th, Messrs. Christies sold decorative furniture and porcelain from various sources, including a Bristol glass beaker, painted with Chinese figures and flowers in colours, from the Edkins collection, and French furniture and objects of art; and on Friday, March 21st, modern pictures and drawings from various sources are for sale, including a drawing by

The green lacquer chiming bracket clock, which is also illustrated in Mr. Dighton's catalogue and which plays four tunes on nine bells, Cotillon, Three Generals' Health, Minuet No. 5 and Merilition, is also a very decorative object; the bell top and framing of the face are decorated with reserves of gilt trellis and with flower sprays and Chinese figures; the corner pieces in the spandrels are in the rococo style. The works are entirely original and the back plate elaborately engraved. Its maker is William Webster, one of a numerous eighteenth century family in the clock-making business, of whom three bore the same Christian name, William; the first, who was an apprentice of Thomas Tompion, died in 1735; the second William of Change Alley (the maker of the clock in question) was admitted to the Clockmakers' Company in 1734 and Master in 1755; while his son and apprentice, William, the third, was admitted to the Company in 1763. It is unusual to find a clock case with the lacquered ground of other colours than red and black, for some difficulty was evidently experienced in producing a satisfactory blue or green ground.

J. DE S.